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IN COLLEGE DAYS

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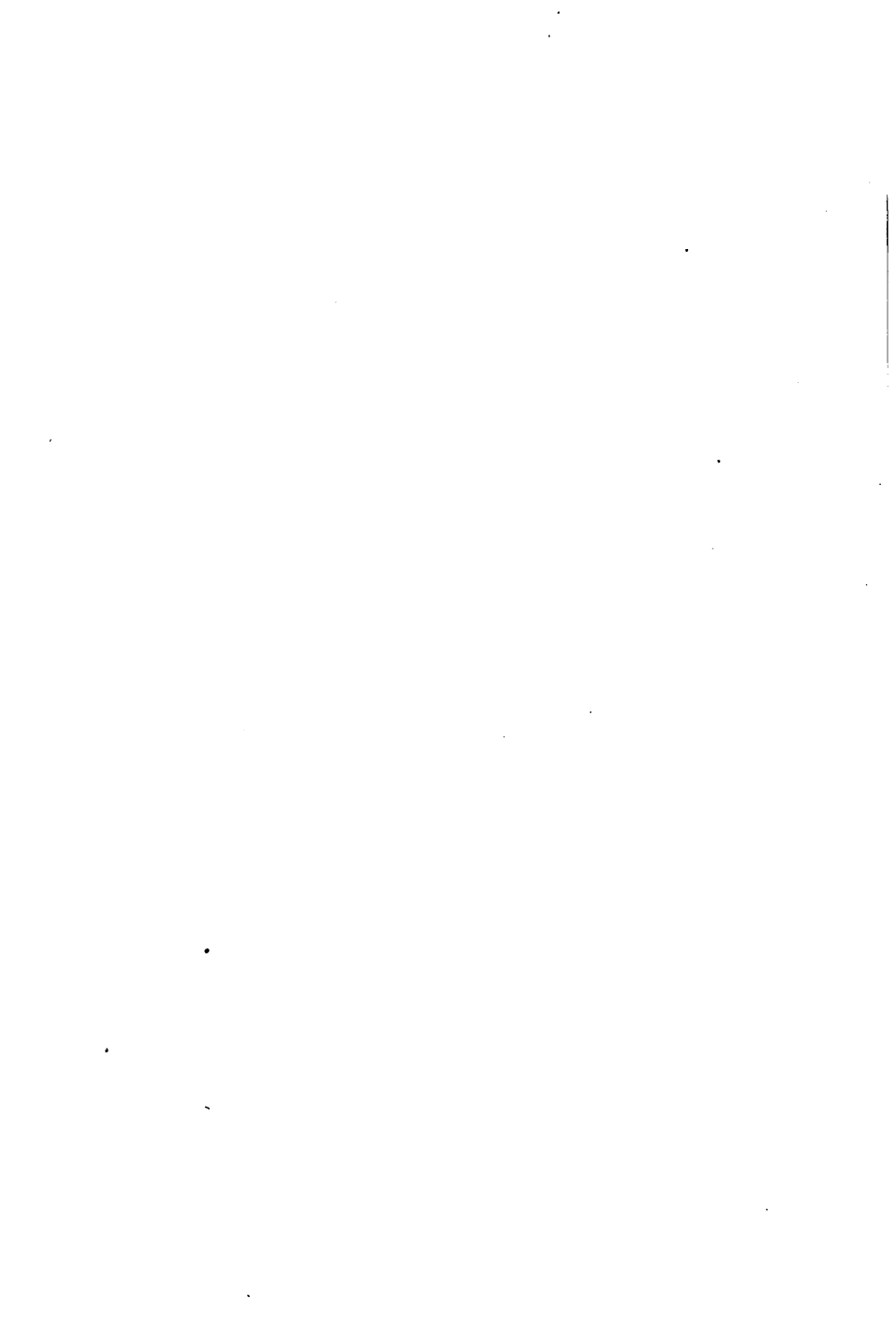
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IN COLLEGE DAYS

In College Days

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Chosen by

JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON

*Editor of Cap and Gown
With Pipe and Book, etc.*



BUT those who have been once
young understand all this
DAVID STARR JORDAN



Boston
KNIGHT & MILLET
MDCCCCI

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TO VINU
ABSTRACT

W

To
WILLIAM WARREN RICHMOND

226374

To L.



*I*N college days, Sweetheart, when you and I
And Love and Hope are young, why should we sigh
For Future days, when happy is our lot;
When graver cares disturb us not a jot,
And Sorrow and Distress both pass us by?

The world is young, unclouded is our sky;
We do not heed the thought that all must die;
On Life's clean page there is no marring blot,
In college days.

Still they must pass. Time in all times must fly;
The days of change are ever creeping nigh;
The joys we now share can not be forgot,
Yet still to come are those blest days, I wot,
Of sweet, deep bliss — too grave for us to try
In college days.

B. A.

PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTED

AMHERST COLLEGE	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly, The</i>
BOSTON UNIVERSITY	<i>University Beacon, The</i>
BOWDOIN COLLEGE	<i>Bowdoin Quill, The</i>
BROWN UNIVERSITY	<i>Brunonian, The</i>
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE	<i>Fortnightly Philistine, The</i>
BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY	<i>Bucknell Mirror</i>
BUTLER COLLEGE	<i>Butler Collegian, The</i>
CALIFORNIA, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>Occident, The</i> <i>University of California Magazine, The</i>
CHICAGO, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>University of Chicago Weekly, The</i>
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY	<i>Columbia Literary Monthly, The</i> <i>Columbia Spectator</i> <i>Morningside, The</i>
CORNELL UNIVERSITY	<i>Cornell Era, The</i> <i>Cornell Magazine, The</i>
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE	<i>Dartmouth, The</i> <i>Dartmouth Literary Magazine, The</i>
ELMIRA COLLEGE	<i>Sibyl</i>
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i>
HAMILTON COLLEGE	<i>Hamilton Literary Magazine</i>
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE	<i>Hampden-Sidney Magazine</i>
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PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTED

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IOWA COLLEGE	<i>Unit, The</i>
KANSAS, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>Sunflowers</i>
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE	<i>Touchstone, The</i>
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY	<i>Lehigh Burr, The</i>
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVER- SITY	<i>Chaparral Four-Leaved Clover Stanford Sequoia, The</i>
MASSACHUSETTS INSTI- TUTE OF TECHNOL- OGY	<i>Tech, The</i>
MICHIGAN, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>Campus Chimes Collection Varsity Verse</i>
MISSISSIPPI, UNIVER- SITY OF	<i>University of Mississippi Maga- zine, The</i>
MOUNT HOLYOKE COL- LEGE	<i>Mount Holyoke, The</i>
NORTH CAROLINA UNI- VERSITY	<i>North Carolina University Maga- zine, The</i>
NOTRE DAME, UNIVER- SITY OF	<i>Notre Dame Scholastic, The</i>
OBERLIN COLLEGE	<i>Oberlin Review, The</i>

PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTED

PENNSYLVANIA, UNIVERSITY OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY	<i>Red and Blue, The</i> <i>Nassau Literary Magazine, The</i> <i>Princeton Tiger</i>
RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE	<i>Polytechnic, The</i>
SMITH COLLEGE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> <i>Carolinian, The</i>
TENNESSEE, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>Tennessee University Magazine</i> <i>University of Texas Magazine, The</i>
TRINITY COLLEGE	<i>Trinity Tablet, The</i>
VASSAR COLLEGE VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>Vassar Miscellany, The</i> <i>University Cynic, The</i> <i>Vermont Verse</i>
VIRGINIA, UNIVERSITY OF	<i>University of Virginia Magazine, The</i>
WELLESLEY COLLEGE	<i>Wellesley Lyrics</i> <i>Wellesley Magazine, The</i>
WELLS COLLEGE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY	<i>Wells College Chronicle</i> <i>Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The</i> <i>Wesleyan Verse</i>
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PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTED

**WILLIAMS COLLEGE
WISCONSIN, UNIVERSITY
OF**

*Williams Literary Monthly, The
Wisconsin Ægis*

YALE UNIVERSITY

*Yale Courant, The
Yale Literary Magazine, The
Yale Lyrics
Yale Record, The
Yale Verse*

CONTENTS

After Bohemia's Seas	<i>Yale Literary Magazine</i> , 230
After Gelett Burgess	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 19
After the Theatricals	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 149
Afterward	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 209
Amor Dormit	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 169
Arcadie	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 53
Arcady	<i>Wisconsin Ægis</i> , 125
At Midnight Mass	<i>University Cynic</i> , 207
At Study-Time	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 126
At the Crossing	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 188
At the Edge of the Sea	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 52
Ave Maria	<i>Dartmouth</i> , 208
Baccalaureate Hymn	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 192
Bachelordom	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 139
Ballad of Bohemia	<i>University of Texas Magazine</i> , 212
Ballad to Don Quixote	<i>Harvard Literary Monthly</i> , 158
Ballade of Winter	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 183
Belle of the Ball	<i>Brunonian</i> , 24
Beneath the Bonnet	<i>Wesleyan Literary Monthly</i> , 53
Bess and I	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 69
Bessie Allair	<i>Yale Lyrics</i> , 79
"Billy Blue," U. S. Marine	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i> , 25
Boating Song	<i>Wesleyan Verse</i> , 198
Boating Song	<i>Wisconsin Ægis</i> , 63
Bohemian Drinking Song, A	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 119
Bon Voyage	<i>Mount Holyoke</i> , 176
Brother Toper	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 189
Buccaneer of Hearts	<i>University of Chicago Weekly</i> , 186
Calling Sea, The	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 47
Canoe Song	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 152

CONTENTS

Caste	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 39
Cheerful Spirit, The	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 117
Chestnuts on the Hill	<i>Brunonian</i> , 36
Chimes, The	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 67
Christmas, 1899	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 225
Christmas Bells	<i>Cornell Era</i> , 34
Christmas Girl	<i>Harvard Lampoon</i> , 27
Cloistress	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 118
Commencement	<i>Vermont Verse</i> , 213
Coram Porta	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 99
Cotillion, The	<i>Fortnightly Philistine</i> , 119
Cuba Libre	<i>University Cynic</i> , 76
Cuirassier, The	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 29
Cupid on February Fourteen	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 50
Curfew	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 158
Dance	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 148
D'Artagnan's Ride	<i>Yale Literary Magazine</i> , 46
Days of the Modern Belle, The	<i>Columbia Spectator</i> , 40
"Dear Little Dignified Air"	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 33
Death Chant of the Viking, The	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 171
Della Robbia	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 108
Deux Temps, The	<i>Occident</i> , 76
Dilemma, A	<i>Cornell Era</i> , 201
Disappointment	<i>Fortnightly Philistine</i> , 147
Dolores	<i>Wellesley Lyrics</i> , 202
Don't You Care	<i>Brunonian</i> , 33
Dorothy	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 163
Dream of a Day	<i>Morningside</i> , 221

CONTENTS

Dream Tides	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 42
Drinking Song	<i>Brunonian</i> , 89
Drinking Tea	<i>Yale Verse</i> , 1
Dulce Domum	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 28
Early Bird, The	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 61
Elves of Song	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 215
Evening on the Campus	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 116
"Every May Day"	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 75
Examination Discord	<i>Princeton Tiger</i> , 15
Fair Florida	<i>Butler Collegian</i> , 218
Fancy, A	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 56
Flight of the Birds, The	<i>Vermont Verse</i> , 110
Forgiven?	<i>Morningside</i> , 75
Found, a Boy's Heart	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 151
"Freshie"	<i>Hamilton Literary Magazine</i> , 120
Freshman, Bring Your Pitcher	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 48
Freshman Joys	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 108
Froo de Twilight	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 143
Fruit-seller, The	<i>Harvard Literary Monthly</i> , 38
Girl with Red Hair, The	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 26
Glees o' the Girls, The	<i>University of Chicago Weekly</i> , 130
Golf	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 58
Golf	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 176
"Good-by, Winter, Good-by"	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 104
Good-bye	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 179

CONTENTS

Good Wine and Friends	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 6
Greeks, The	<i>Sunflowers</i> , 4
Gypsy Lullaby, A	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 200
Harmony	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 135
Heptapodic Romance, A	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 102
Her Answer	<i>Yale Record</i> , 41
Her Light Guitar	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 180
Her Mandolin	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 129
Her Picture	<i>Chaparral</i> , 141
Heroes of El Caney	<i>Trinity Tablet</i> , 181
Heroes of the Maine, The	<i>University Cynic</i> , 101
Ho, Little Sweetheart	<i>Vermont Verse</i> , 49
Hoein' Corn befo' de War	<i>William and Mary College Monthly</i> , 208
Hunt: Morning and Evening	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 114
Huntsman's Song, The Hymn	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 20 <i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 98
If Life were a Banquet	<i>Wellesley Lyrics</i> , 191
If the Heart be Young	<i>University of Virginia Magazine</i> , 132
If You Whisper	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 202
Imperfection	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 162
In Arcady	<i>Fortnightly Philistine</i> , 169
"In at My Open Window"	<i>Carolinian</i> , 135
In Cathay: To My Old Amah	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 65
In College Days	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 133

CONTENTS

In Lotus Land	<i>Brunonian</i> , 86
In May	<i>Wells Chronicle</i> , 35
In Memory	<i>Tech</i> , 93
In Prue's Garden	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 3
In Spring	<i>Oberlin Review</i> , 18
In the Cold, Cold World	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 225
In the College Church	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 211
In the Fall	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 103
In the Land of the Heathen Chinese	<i>Brunonian</i> , 78
In the Morning	<i>Cornell Magazine</i> , 138
Indian Lullaby, An	<i>Brunonian</i> , 68
Jester, The	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 35
"Just to Bury My Face in the Green"	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 148
Lady don' You Sigh	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 142
Land of Song, The	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 103
Last Good-by, The	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 214
"Love Came and Went"	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 45
Lullaby: "Bossy Lies in the Field Asleep"	<i>Brunonian</i> , 167
Lullaby: "Hush Little Child with the Gol- den Hair"	<i>College Folio</i> , 226
Lullaby: "Hush Little Pickaninny"	<i>Brunonian</i> , 32
Lullaby: "Sleep My Child While Your Mother Sings"	<i>Brunonian</i> , 131

CONTENTS

Lullaby Loo	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 23
Lullaby to Kitty, A	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 113
Lyric	<i>University of Mississippi Magazine</i> , 153
Mandolin, The	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 199
Margaret	<i>Yale Verse</i> , 115
Margery	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 110
Masquerade, The	<i>Bowdoin Quill</i> , 222
Master Francois Sings	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 80
Match, A	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 2
Meh Lady	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 74
Memories	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 22
Memory, A	<i>Dartmouth Literary Magazine</i> , 228
Merrily, Merrily, Dance They Yet	<i>Mount Holyoke</i> , 160
Mistress Patty	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 66
Monologue, A	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 8
Moonlight on the Campus	<i>Dartmouth</i> , 105
Music	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 86
My Cilly	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 97
My Lady	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 43
My Lady on the Links	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 13
My Lady's Fan	<i>University Beacon</i> , 132
My Louisiana Home	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i> , 162
My Mamie	<i>Illini</i> , 21
My Pipe	<i>Trinity Tablet</i> , 123
My Song	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 172
My Summer Love	<i>Lehigh Burr</i> , 182
My Weather Prophet	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 55
No Reward Offered	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 129

CONTENTS

Nocturne, A	<i>Mount Holyoke</i> , 91
Ode to Tobacco	<i>Cornell Era</i> , 205
Of My Lady and Her Gowns	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 13
Old Friends, Old Books	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i> , 168
Old Love and the New	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 90
Old Love Song, An	<i>Wesleyan Literary Monthly</i> , 146
Old Time Dance, An	<i>Vermont Verse</i> , 12
On Glasgow Quay	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 94
Parody A	<i>Bowdoin Quill</i> , 145
Parting	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 59
Pastorale Moderne	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 10
Patrins	<i>Mount Holyoke</i> , 183
Pipe-Lighting Time	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 14
"Please do not Disturb"	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 151
Pledge, The	<i>Wesleyan Literary Monthly</i> , 92
Polly's Moods	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 149
Present and the Past, The	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 155
Pretty Pilferer, A	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 173
Priscilla	<i>Nassau Literary Magazine</i> , 217
Prof's Little Girl	<i>Four-Leaved Clover</i> , 123
Programme, The	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 106
Quail, The	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 150
Raising the Stars and Stripes at Santiago	<i>Bucknell Mirror</i> , 164
Rest	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 178
Reunion	<i>Columbia Literary Monthly</i> , 204

CONTENTS

Robin	<i>Notre Dame Scholastic</i> , 73
Rondeau: "In Our Fathers' Youth"	<i>Nassau Literary Magazine</i> , 156
Rondeau: "The Play is Done"	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 220
Rondeau of Lavender Salts	<i>Hampden-Sidney Magazine</i> , 228
Rondel: "A Little Birdie Said to Me"	<i>Trinity Tablet</i> , 17
Rondel: "Mid the Sound."	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 154
Rose and the Sunflower, The	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 51
Sailor, The	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 16
Sailor Song, A	<i>Notre Dame Scholastic</i> , 105
Sailor's Hymn, The	<i>Holy Cross Purple</i> , 145
Sailor's Litany, The	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 70
Senior, The	<i>University of Chicago Weekly</i> , 82
Skipper Farraday	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 7
Slumber Song, A	<i>Wells Chronicle</i> , 115
Smoker's Fancy, A	<i>University of Chicago Weekly</i> , 160
Soldier's Toast, The	<i>Nassau Literary Magazine</i> , 185
Song: "A Little Song I Would Sing You"	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 41
Song: "At Eventide"	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 42
Song: "Blow, Blow,"	<i>Sunflowers</i> , 196
Song: "Come, drink to The Dying Year"	<i>North Carolina University Magazine</i> , 224
Song: "Come to the Brookside, Janet"	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 5
Song: "Is it a Day or a Year, Love?"	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 170

CONTENTS

Song: "Life's Glad Morning Holds a Treasure"	<i>Collection Varsity Verse</i> , 84
Song: "The Fisher- man Sings at Work on His Weir"	<i>Brunonian</i> , 92
Song: "The Lover and the Wind"	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 111
Song: "To a Little Girl"	<i>Brunonian</i> , 37
Song for Graduates	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 229
Song for Tree Day	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 124
Song of the Engineer	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 61
Song of the Sailor Lad	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 89
Songs of Youth, The	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 1
Songs Without Words	<i>Wisconsin Ægis</i> , 30
Sophomore Hop	<i>Hamilton Literary Magazine</i> , 15
Spezia	<i>Red and Blue</i> , 165
Sprig of Wild Rose, A	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 128
Spring is Coming	<i>Unit</i> , 72
Still Hunt, The	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 173
Sweet Valentine	<i>Trinity Tablet</i> , 85
Swimmin' Hole, The	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 216
Three Fingers of Bourbon	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 71
'Tis Jack's Love for Jim	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i> , 11
To ———	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 26
To a Lone Robin Singing	<i>Cornell Magazine</i> , 38
To a Rose on the Ball- Room Floor	<i>University of Virginia Magazine</i> , 140

CONTENTS

To an Old Miniature	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 174
To Gertrude	<i>Cornell Era</i> , 127
To Julia	<i>Vassar Miscellany</i> , 95
To L	<i>Chaparral</i> , v
To My Lassie	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 69
To Saint Valentine	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 152
To Sally	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 210
To the Hyacinth	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 65
To the Men Who Hold The Line	<i>Georgetown College Journal</i> , 9
To the Spirit of the Lake	<i>Wells Chronicle</i> , 51
To You, Lassie	<i>Campus Chimes</i> , 157
Toast: "Come Fill Me a Brimming Bumper"	<i>Williams Literary Monthly</i> , 197
Toast: "God Fare You Merry Gen- tlemen"	<i>University of Virginia Magazine</i> , 137
Toast: "Ye Will Drink Who Love the Lasses"	<i>Amherst Literary Monthly</i> , 31
Toddlekins	<i>Mount Holyoke</i> , 177
Token, A	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 193
Touchstone	<i>Touchstone</i> , 122
Transformation, A	<i>Fortnightly Philistine</i> , 159
Triflers	<i>Morningside</i> , 220
Triolet: "She Pressed a Rosebud to Her Cheek"	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 67
Triolets: "When Dor- othy Comes Down the Hill"	<i>Cornell Magazine</i> , 54

CONTENTS

Twilight	<i>University of California Magazine,</i> 166
Twilight at Chelsea- Mere	<i>Vassar Miscellany,</i> 64
Twilight Song	<i>Yale Courant,</i> 77
Two Sides of the Question	<i>Vassar Miscellany,</i> 88
Twosome, A	<i>Smith College Monthly,</i> 161
Under the Mistletoe	<i>Bowdoin Quill,</i> 194
Under the Mistletoe	<i>Sibyl,</i> 57
Untenanted	<i>Bowdoin Quill,</i> 50
Violets	<i>Touchstone,</i> 191
Voices	<i>Bowdoin Quill,</i> 50
Water-lily, A	<i>Yale Verse,</i> 112
Wearying	<i>Cornell Era,</i> 184
When Ann Jane Sings	<i>Fortnightly Philistine,</i> 140
When at Eve You Come	<i>Campus Chimes,</i> 180
When Prudence Spins	<i>Notre Dame Scholastic,</i> 100
When the Boys Come Back	<i>Touchstone,</i> 81
When the Stars Begin to Shine	<i>Stanford Sequoia,</i> 195
When You First Leave Home	<i>Tennessee University Magazine,</i> 96
Where th' Lilacs Blow	<i>Georgetown College Journal,</i> 126
"Whither Art Thou Drifting, Drifting"	<i>Mount Holyoke,</i> 85
Wine	<i>Campus Chimes,</i> 112
Wings	<i>Sunflowers,</i> 83

CONTENTS

With Roses	<i>Polytechnic</i> , 44
World's Sleep, The	<i>Wellesley Magazine</i> , 63
Would You	<i>Brunonian</i> , 58
Yard in December, The	<i>Harvard Advocate</i> , 137
Young Knight's Litany,	<i>Yale Courant</i> , 156
The	
Youth Bacchanal	<i>Trinity Tablet</i> , 122
Yule-tide	<i>Smith College Monthly</i> , 113

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE SONGS OF YOUTH

We sing of Youth, — for we are young,
For us the world is ever fair.
What should we know of pain or care?
Age speaks to us an unknown tongue,
We sing of Youth.

We sing of Joy, — a happy strain!
Though happiness be for a day,
'T is ours; a joyous roundelay
With lilting laughter for refrain —
Our song of Joy.

We sing of Love, — no worn-out theme
It seems to us, whose love is strong
With lusty youth; and in the song
We weave the magic of a dream
Of our young Love.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN

DRINKING TEA

Claude and Mabel drinking tea,
And the cat, too; that made three,
In the twilight, pensively.

“ Claude,” said Mabel, half in jest,
“ Which of us is happiest ? ”

IN COLLEGE DAYS

"Faith," said Claude, "you know, my dear,
I am happy, being here ;
You are happy, I construe,
Simply because you are you."

So they smiled, well pleased thereat,
Let the problem rest at that, —
But they quite forgot the cat.

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON

A MATCH

If love were like the campus,
And you and I were trees,
We would stand for aye together,
In snow and sunny weather,
And showers could not damp us,
And we 'd whisper to the breeze,
If love were like the campus,
And you and I were trees.

If you were chapel tower,
And I were college clock,
On your bosom I would lie, dear,
And we 'd watch the changing sky, dear,
From our fragrant, leafy bower,
Though all the world should mock,
If you were chapel tower,
And I were college clock.

But you are lovely you, dear,
And I am only I ;
Ah, I wish this idle fancy,
By some mystic necromancy

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

I could make come sweetly true, dear,
In the golden bye-and-bye, —
But you are lovely you, dear,
And I am only I. WALTER A. DYER

IN PRUE'S GARDEN

When Prudence in her garden walks
The daffodils upon their stalks
 A fairer color show ;
And flambeau tulip-cups, to greet
The happy straying of her feet,
 With fiercer fire glow.

The tall lent-lilies softly stir
Their slender bells to welcome her
 Who is as pure as they ;
And surely never were such skies
As these, that mirror Prue's own eyes,
 Upon this sweet spring day.

The little winds her hair have kiss'd —
The lucky winds do what they list,
 Nor may not be denied ;
And from her garden's loveliest,
On the white kerchief o'er her breast,
 Are pansies dewy-eyed.

O! tulip-flow'rs and daffodils !
Each one a happy task fulfills,
 To vie to serve her best !
And fairer still your lot must be,
— Ah ! would such grace were granted me !
 O, pansies on her breast !

ARTHUR KETCHUM

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE GREEKS

O college days that speed on wing so strong,
O college joys that last not long, not long,
O college friends from whom we soon shall sever,
O college friendships made for aye and ever,
O dreams of youth so sweet, so frail, so fleeting,
'Neath touch of time and care so swift retreating,—

To you the goblets clink,
Greek pledged to Greek we drink;
Eternal be the link

That binds our hearts in one.
Long mystic flame shall dance
'Neath warm fraternal glance
Till life's last set of sun.

From where the sunshine glistens
On mantle fair of snow,
To where old Ætna listens
To sullen depths below ;
From where the morn's fair fingers
Throw ope the gates of day,
To where the daylight lingers
No more on crested spray ; —
O'er man and stream and hillside,
O'er all, the shadows fall :
But the sunlight softly lingers
Round the dear old chapter hall.

Aside our foes we fling,
Greek pledged to Greek we sing,
Till wall and rafter ring,
“ Nor time nor space shall sever.”

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The sparkling wine we quaff,
At fate and hate we laugh,
God bless the Greeks forever !

EDWARD CAMPBELL LITTLE

SONG

Come to the brookside, Janet,
To the murmuring pool in the glade,
Where sunbeams play
In the flaky spray,
And rainbows gleam in the bright cascade.

Swiftly the moments, Janet,
Flew by the quiet dell,
Till the lark's note loud
In the drifting cloud
Was hushed by the chime of the evening bell

Dear is the garden, Janet,
And the seat by the gnarled oak tree :
But the winding stream
Where my brightest dream
Turned true is the dearest of all to me.

So come to the brookside, Janet,
To the murmuring pool in the glade,
Where sunbeams play
In the flaky spray,
And rainbows gleam in the bright cascade.

KENNETH BRUCE

IN COLLEGE DAYS

GOOD WINE AND FRIENDS

You say that life is vain, my lad ?
Come, sit you down, and drink
A cup of wine by candle shine,
To lure you from the brink.
Here's light and warmth, an easy chair
Until the short night ends,
A glowing coal for clay-pipe bowl,
Good wine, and friends.

What more could crownèd monarch wish,
Opprest with cares of state,
Than whiff of this and glasses' kiss,
To make the soul elate ?
The night without may fill with gloom ;
Within, the darkness ends ;
For here's a coal for clay-pipe bowl,
Good wine, and friends.

And having drunk, fill up again ;
Your pipe 's out ? then refill ;
Have no lament for days ill-spent,
To make another ill :
But here sit down, and be at peace
Until the season ends ;
For here 's a coal for clay-pipe bowl,
Good wine, and friends.

To-morrow ? may the day be fair !
Have naught of doubt to-night.
Let not vain fear coerce a tear
To dull your clearer sight ;

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

But dream a dream of future bliss,
To-night, where past grief ends ;
For here 's a coal for clay-pipe bowl,
 Good wine, and friends.

As this smoke flies away, so let
Your tribulations fly ;
And may a bright as this wine's light
Upon your pathway lie ;
And may you have no lack of cheer
Until the journey ends ;
But aye a coal for clay-pipe bowl,
 Good wine, and friends.

So here 's to him that's desolate !
Let him sit down, and drink
A cup of wine by candle shine,
To lure him from the brink.
Here's light and warmth, an easy chair
Until the short night ends,
A glowing coal for clay-pipe bowl,
 Good wine, and friends.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

SKIPPER FARRADAY

Ho ! Skipper Farraday, ol' Jack Tar !
Pilotin' the rockin'-chair safe across a bar.
Sailor-suit of navy-blue, open at the neck,
Jolliest sea-cap'n, sir, that ever trod a deck.

Then put 'er 'elm to starboard, an' trim the forrard sails,
An' show the Yankee stars an' stripes to every ship that 'ails,

IN COLLEGE DAYS

An' climb yer mother's rockin'-chair, an' 'eave the bloom-
in' log.

Hi! Skipper Farraday, ol' sea dog!

Ahoy! Skipper Farraday, wise ol' salt!

Thursday you was solderin', "Right about!" an "Halt!"

Friday you was teachin' school (what a heap you knew!),

An' now you are a skipper, an' a mighty good un, too.

But come, an' stop yer play awhile, an' sit on Gran'ther's
knee,

An' 'ear about the wonderlands that lie beyond the sea,

Where savages, an' crocodiles, an' green-winged parrots
are.

Hey! Skipper Farraday, ol' Jack Tar!

WALTER A. DYER

A MONOLOGUE

BY ALMOST ANY GIRL

He has gone; and will he

Ever come again?

Listen! all is still; the

Robin and the wren,

Blackbird bold and linnet—

They have ceased their singing.

Is there aught within it!

Birds beyond us winging,

Will he come again?

Yestereve we parted,

By this crimson rose;

And my cheek in anger,

As this blossom blows,

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Reddened ; and I sent him
From me ; told him never
Man was worse deceiver —
Roses, will he ever,
Ever come again ?

Rose's head is drooping !
Stupid, what have you
To grieve for ? Did you love him ?
Did you love him, too ?
Ah ! the name he called me —
A loving, sweetheart's name !
Who than he *more* loving ?
I was all to blame ;
He *must* come again.

Listen, bird and blossom !
Someone 's drawing near !
Carol, birds, and greet him !
Carol sweet and clear.
He is near — and nearer,
By the gate — and through it !
Ah ! my dear, still dearer ;
Dearest one, I *knew* it !
(Coldly) " So you 've come again ? "

RICHARD RAY KIRK

TO THE MEN WHO HOLD THE LINE

A FOOTBALL TOAST

Oh, the full-back bows to the cheering crowd,
And the halves, and the quarter, too,
And the praise ascends to the plucky ends
Who fight for the red or blue ;

IN COLLEGE DAYS

To none so great do I dedicate
This poor little verse of mine —
But here 's to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold the line.

You watch the game and you 'll all exclaim :
" Just look at that fellow run ! "
And you 'll shout and roar when the struggle 's o'er
That the game was only won
By the full-back's pluck in that splendid buck
That carried him to the goal ;
But you don't see fit to think a bit
Of the man who made the hole.

Yes, the full-back has his meed of thanks,
And the quarter " did it all,"
And the halves are praised, and a voice is raised
For the ends who took the ball ;
Now take your cup and fill it up
To the brim with the dancing wine ;
A toast to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold the line !

W. F. BARRON

PASTORALE MODERNE

It was the Huron river,
It was a morn in June,
It was a vagrant brook that sang
Blithely a vagrant tune ;
And for the life of me I could n't see
Why no two poets can ever agree
On what a brook says in its talkative glee
On a bright morn in June.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

"Tell her you love her," it sang to me
Just as plain as brook-song could be.

It was the Huron river,
It was the height of noon,
It was a drowsy bee that passed
Humming a drowsy tune.
And for the life of me I could n't see
How any mind unbiased and free
Could misunderstand what was said by that bee
In the hot silent noon.
"Now is the time," he buzzed to me
Plain as ever a buzz could be.

It was the Huron river,
It was a rising moon,
It was a boat that touched the shore
Never a bit too soon.
And for the life of me I could n't see
Why that chattering brook had to giggle at me
As it gurgled along in its impudent glee.
"Ever get left?" said the brook to me,
Plainer, I thought, than it needed to be.

ELSIE JONES COOLEY

'T IS JACK'S LOVE FOR JIM

There's the love of the lovers in Spring,
And the love of the husband and wife,
There's the love that the child to the mother
doth bring,
And these are the loves of a life.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

But tho' naught can such love-light bedim,
There 's a sweetness of joy here below,
 'T is Jack's love for Jim,
 And Jim's love for him ;
And this is a true love I trow !

HALL STONER LUSK

AN OLD-TIME DANCE

The little lady in lavender
 She dances the minuet,
And the by-gone days are alive in her,
 And the past is fragrant yet.
As if one opened the long-shut drawer
 Where old-time treasures lay ;
The satin slippers that grandma wore,
 The gown of her wedding-day ;
And the faint, soft scent of the lavender
 Should breathe from the silken fold,
As in days when grandfather's blood would stir,
 Ere grandmamma yet was old.
Sweet perfume clings to a faded rose,
 And the olden dance is sweet
To remember ; the stately pause and pose,
 The tread of the stately feet.
But the little lady in lavender,
 With her soft glance sidewise cast,
The present is fair as a rose in her,
 And sweeter than all the past.

JOHN EDWARD COLBURN

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

MY LADY ON THE LINKS

When my lady plays golf there 's commotion galore,
There 's a caddie beside her, another before.

And she handles her clubs with a confident ease,
For my lady is playing the game, if you please,
And gives strictest attention to bunkers and tees,
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf you must always avoid
Any subject but golf, or she 'll be much annoyed.

For if she should let her mind wander, I fear
She would go "off her game," and you 'd presently hear
Far stronger expressions than simply "Oh dear!"
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf then of stance and of grip
She 's as careful as if in the championship,

And when she leaves off at the close of the day,
And her caddies are paid, and her clubs put away
(Which never occurs till it 's too dark to play),
Then my lady *talks* golf.

OF MY LADY AND HER GOWNS

My Lady, gowned in gray,
Seemeth to me, to-day,
To be most fair, most sweet.
I wonder, can I say,
My Lady, gowned in gray,
Her tresses to her feet,
Is fairer than when, yesterday,
She was gowned another way?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When the fabric of her gown
Matched her hair's delightful brown?
Or more sweet than yesternight,
In her gown of lace delight?
Or when she, on yestermorn,
Left the roses all forlorn,
Wearing a more brilliant hue
Than the very reddest knew?

Nay, I can but sagely say:
She is fairest *anyway!*

RICHARD RAY KIRK

PIPE-LIGHTING TIME

When twilight paints the fading wall
With gloomy shapes, grotesque and tall,
Or conjures forth a merry band
Of tinselled forms from Fairyland
To hold me in their silken thrall,
My half unconscious fingers fall
Upon the old familiar bowl.
The magic moment is at hand,
— Pipe-lighting Time.

The dreamy smoke's slow-rising pall
Shuts out the babbling carnival;
And lo! on Spain's dim distant strand
There leaps the Future's castle grand.
'T is gilt Ambition's hour to call,
— Pipe-lighting Time.

E. LYTTLETON FOX

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

SOPHOMORE HOP

First she said she'd come,
Then she said she would n't,
Then she said she'd think of it,
Then she said she could n't.

Answer at once, I wrote,
She took three weeks and a half,
Her program was nicely filled
When she answered by telegraph.

O, the girls, the girls, the girls,
They are pretty and jolly and clever,
But they answer strictly on time,
Never — Never — Never. STAG

AN EXAMINATION DISCORD

Oh, the wee small hours of night,
Air at ninety, Fahrenheit,
When the damp and sticky collar takes on a double roll.
Oh, the bitter, deep repentances,
While learning leading sentences,
So the prof. may think we know it from the bottom of our soul.

Oh, the greasy student lamp,
Blazing, red-hot student lamp;
And the moths themselves cremating, the morrow's doom
presage,
While the Senior is vacating,
And his room-sale celebrating,
Your drops of perspiration fall in blots upon the page.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Oh, Examination Hall,
Merry 'Xamination Hall,
Where the silence is as vocal as the sharpest sound of woe.
Through that stillness, as of illness,
Through that woe-foreboding chillness,
You can hear the men a-dropping to the classes next
below.

THE SAILOR

He never knowed much o' things in books,
He 'll never know any more,
He 's mostly sober aboard the ship,
An' drunk when he 's off ashore ;
But when in a piping sou'west gale
There 's work in the tops to do,
He 's up, though the seas break over the trees,
If them is his orders to.

He sleeps in a bunk too short if he 's tall,
An' narrower nor he is thin ;
An' all of him 's huddled into a hut
You would n't pen cattle in ;
But he scrapes her deck and cleans her paint
Till she looks like she was new,
Though the sun on his head makes him wish he was
dead,
If them is his orders to.

He 's hot when it 's hot, an' cold when it 's cold,
An' he 's sicker nor one would guess,
An' it 's pretty hard, though he daresn't complain,
To stomach the fo'c'sle mess ;

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

But he chops the ice from off her ropes,
An' off her canvas, too,
While his fingers is froze 'fore ever he knows,
If them is his orders to.

He never learned nothing o' right an' wrong
Aboard *his* Sunday school;
He never heard of a rule o' love,
Nor yet of a golden rule;
But a sinking ship, an' only boats
To take the sick o' the crew,
He 'll stand an' drown when she goes down
Without no orders to.

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHINSON

RONDEL

A little birdie said to me
All on a summer's day,
Pray listen to my roundelay,
Pray listen unto me.

I bear a message sweet, a plea
Found in the air astray,
A little birdie said to me
All on a summer's day.

It is a love-song glad and free,
A love-song light and gay,
That stealing from her heart away
Told of her love for thee,
A little birdie said to me
All on a summer's day. W. T. O.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

IN SPRING

Jes' like to be a-dreamin'
In the grass and clover sweet,
An' hear the secrets of the spring
That all the birds repeat.

O it's spring-time
An' it's May-time,
The birds an' breezes call —
An' the world's a-jubilatin'
In the beauty of it all.

Jes' like to set a-fishin'
By the pool so still an' deep,
An' watch the ripplin' waters
Where the checkered shadows creep

O it's spring-time
An' it's May-time
Where the birds and breezes call —
An' the world's a-jubilatin'
In the sweetness of it all.

Jes' like to be a-livin'
A-watchin' green things grow ;
A-knowin' everything's all right,
Because God made it so.

O it's spring-time
An' it's May-time
For the birds and breezes call —
An' the world's a-jubilatin'
In the radiance of it all.

ELSIE M. TADE

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

AFTER GELETT BURGESS

Willie and Wallie and Huldy Ann,
The same as made the chewing-gum man,

They went to row in a painted boat
That leaked so much that 't would hardly float.

'T was a very queer thing indeed, you say,
To ride in a boat that leaked that way.

But the queerest thing by far to me
Was not the boat, but the lake, you see.

For 't was not of water, nor yet of wine,
But made entirely of turpentine.

A very bad kind of a lake, 't is said,
When you ride in a boat that is blue and red.

Well, the paint peeled off in a great, big roll,
And colored that lake like a barber's pole.

And when Huldy Ann saw the lake all paint
She swooned away in a death-like faint.

While Willie and Wallie were bringing her to
The boat leaked so that they all fell through.

But Wallie, he once had learned to swim,
And Willie hung on behind of him,

While they towed Huldy Ann along by her hair
Through the dangerous waves to the shore so fair.

But Willie got red and Wallie did too,
And Huldy Ann was a pale sky-blue !

IN COLLEGE DAYS

The funniest crowd you ever have seen,
And they did n't know how on earth to get clean.

So they sat on the bank to meditate,
And thought away at a speedy rate,

Till after a time up started Wallie,
Waving his hat and shouting, "Golly !

I 've thought of a plan that 'll work just fine,
We 'll all wash again in the turpentine."

So they jumped right into the lake once more,
And it washed them as white as they were before.

J. W.

THE HUNTSMAN'S SONG

Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse ! to horse !
Awake, ye huntsmen all !
The meet 's this morn on Langdon Downs,
The master's horn doth call.
The stirrup-cup awaits below,
The yelping pack gives tongue :
Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse, away !
A hunting day 's begun.

The Downs are bright with scarlet coats,
The horses champ and paw ;
The straining hounds await the word
To scatter o'er the moor ;
The huntsmen tighten girth and curb,
And mount, 'midst laughter gay.
Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse ! to horse !
The pack 's been cast away.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The thicket's drawn, the fox is gone,
The pack is in full cry,
O'er fence and scar, o'er ditch and bar,
To see Sir Reynard die.
The chase is hot, all fears forgot,
Down dale and over hill.
Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse, away !
Who 'll be in at the kill ?

And now, ye huntsmen, turn towards home,
With mask and brush in hand ;
The hounds walk slow, with lolling tongues,
And night falls o'er the land.
With mighty bowl of steaming punch
Ye 'll turn the night to day,
Then raise on high the hunting cry,
Houp-la ! to horse, away !

JAMES BREWER CORCORAN

MY MAMIE

Down by de Boneyard, nex' de street,
Libs Mamie,
My big sunflower, honey-sweet —
Mamie !
Beneath her window, in de shade,
I sing to de moon ob my dusky maid,
Twangin' my banjo in serenade
For Mamie.

In de eve when de sun am down,
Wid Mamie,
Dress' in our bes' we go up town —
Mamie ;

IN COLLEGE DAYS

It's den you see her cut de snow —
Big red hat wid de yaller bow —
But yaller coons ain't got no show
Wid Mamie.

Eb'ry night when de moon am high,
Wid Mamie,
An' silver stars peep from de sky —
Mamie,
I walk the banks ob dat ribber wide
Wid lubly Mamie by my side,
An' squeeze de han' ob my promise' bride —
My Mamie ! C. S.

MEMORIES

No, my boy, you cannot please me
With your cultivated choir ;
Go yourself, but do not tease me
From my place beside the fire ;
For my heart is back at college
While I dream here in the dark,
And I fancy I hear Shirley
Asking us, " Who built de ark ? "

Get some pretty girl to go, sir ;
They enjoy that sort of thing ;
There was one I used to know, sir,
When the quartet used to sing ;
And when we went walking, later,
You could count on one remark, —
" Is n't Mr. Baker funny
When he asks, ' Who built de ark ? ' "

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Give it up, my boy; I 'm clinging
To the songs of a dead day;
There are other voices singing
In the firelight, and I pray,
When we meet in the hereafter,
They will give us one good lark,
And we all may answer Shirley,
"Brudder Noah built de ark!"

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

LULLABY LOO

Oh, Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
When the dusky shadows of evening fall,
And the stars have lighted their lamps in the sky,
And the owls and night birds begin to call:
"Tee-witt, tee-woo — tee-witt, tee-whoo-oo!"
Oh, Lullaby Loo, oh, Lullaby Loo!"

When Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
The leaves all fall asleep on the trees!
And home to their nests all the little birds fly,
Then softly whispers the evening breeze:
"Soo hoo, soo hoo, oh, Lullaby Loo!"
Oh, Lullaby Loo, soo hoo, soo hoo!"

Oh, Lullaby Loo, as he wanders by,
A strange little sleepy song he sings!
That soothes frightened children when they cry,
For it tells of the loveliest, cosiest things!
And he 'll sing it to me, and he 'll sing it to you!
And he 'll sing to us all, this Lullaby Loo!

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Oh, Lullaby Loo, when you wander by
Stop at the nursery window to-night !
And sing to us while in our beds we lie
All cuddled up so warm and tight !
Oh, Lullaby Loo, oh, Lullaby Loo,
Sing to us, sing to us, Lullaby Loo ! G. C.

BELLE OF THE BALL

Through the tangled twist and twirl
Of the dreamy waltz's whirl,
Followed by the eyes of all,
Down the polished oaken hall,
Like an elfin maiden fair,
She seems to glide upon the air ;
— Belle of the ball.

Then in the dim, secluded bowers,
Of the palms and fragrant flowers,
She holds her court select and small,
Despite the dance's magic call,
Secure upon her beauty's throne,
Throughout the e'en she reigns alone ;
— Belle of the ball.

Yet when the music sounds no more,
And the brilliant dance is o'er,
I wonder if she knows at all
That through fond mem'ries' golden hall
Of many a one who can't forget
She dances to sweet music yet ;
— Belle of the ball. A. H. B.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

"BILLY BLUE," U. S. MARINE

He's a rattling good soldier and a corkin' sailor too,
And it's bis, always bis, that he means ;
He's on deck for all the fighting and his motto 's — " Ever
true " ;

He is " Private Blue, United States Marines."
Then it's: Hi ! get your gun, Billy Blue,
There's going to be some fun, Billy Blue,
And it does n't cut a figger
If it's " Chinee," " Don," or " Nigger,"
When your finger 's on the trigger, Billy Blue !

He first fought old Johnny Bull when his foot was on our neck,
Then in 1812 he fought him on the sea ;
Again with Scott in Mexico he stormed Chapultepec,
And in '61 helped make the bondmen free.

So it's: Throw out your chest, Billy Blue,
For there're medals on your breast, Billy Blue,
And tho' you ain't the man to brag,
You were never known to lag
In following the flag, Billy Blue.

There were sixty of his comrades that went down with the
" Maine,"

But he raised the flag in Cuba first of all ;
He's been at it in Manila and he 's at it now again,
Out in China, where he opened up the " ball."

So it's: Strike up the band, Billy Blue,
You're the finest in the land, Billy Blue ;
For we all know where you've been,
On the wall of old Peking,
And in the trenches at Tien Tsin, Billy Blue.

G. C. REID

IN COLLEGE DAYS

DULCE DOMUM

I

Here 's to the dome on the main hall roof, —
The jolly old dome, the sly old dome ;
Though he seems to be far from the world aloof
He sees enough to be quite at home
With the wild, wild ways of college days ;
With these he is quite at home.

II

His great round eyes they are open wide
When the sun peeps over the Library tower ;
They are open still at the high noontide,
Nor shut are they at the sunset hour ;
For they never sleep, but a watch they keep
From morn, through noon, till the sunset hour.

III

And what do they see, old dome, I say,
A-going on in the world below ?
What busy scenes that pass by day,
What pranks that none but the night may know —
You see them all, what things befall,
Day deeds and such as the night may know ?

IV

Did you see the boys when they stole that team
And hid it away on the roof up there ?
And the puzzled owner could never dream
For days where his missing horses were.
That was long ago ; but I 'd like to know,
Was *my* dad one of the boys up there ?

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

V

Do you know the fellows that muffled the bell?
Or carried the donkey way up the third flight?
Who stole the big bill-board? I bet you could tell
Why the night watch is somehow so rarely in sight.
Not a word? Not a sound? But you know, I'll be bound,
Who painted Ben Franklin all yellow one night?

VI

What have n't you seen, my old fellow, I pray,
In the soft, sweet nights, 'neath the moonlight clear;
When bright eyes have looked what words could not say,
And pairs of lips lingered delightfully near?
And the whispered talks on the campus walks,
And the "Yes, love, forever," old chap, did you hear?

VII

Then here 's to the dome on the old main hall—
The jolly old dome, the sly old dome.
When he thinks of these larks, pranks, rackets and all—
For with everything jolly he 's always at home—
He shakes his oak ribs till he 's ready to fall.
Oh, his shape 'gainst the sky stands out clear in my eye,
And is stamped on my heart wheresoever I roam.

THE CUIRASSIER

With a hearty dash and a sabre's clash,
With a thousand gleams and a double flash
Of the brightened steel that knows no fear,
What say ye, lads, as our horses rear,
Who is there equals a cuirassier?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

With a bold, brave air and a winning smile,
With a stolen kiss that's won by guile,
And a swagger known full many a mile ;
What say ye, lassies, as we appear,
Was ever the like of a cuirassier ?

A flagon then of the rich red wine,
And a toast for the foot, the men of the line,
To the sapper, the lancer, the canoneer,
But first to the man who owns no fear,
Come drink ye, men, " To the cuirassier ! "

JOHN CLARKSON RAY

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

A mother sings to her sleeping babe
Lullaby soft and low,
But deep in her heart she keeps a song
That words can never know.
For speech is shallow and silence deep,
What heart feels most we cannot speak,
And the sweetest songs we sing below
Are those that words can never know.

A lover brings to his waiting bride
Message tender and true,
But the song that wakes his love to life
No language ever knew.
For speech is shallow and silence deep,
What heart feels most we cannot speak,
And the noblest songs we sing below
Are those that words can never know.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A maiden kneels at a sacred shrine,
Seeking a blessing meet,
But the truest prayers that Heaven hears
No human lips repeat.
For speech is shallow and silence deep,
What heart feels most we cannot speak,
And the truest prayers we breathe below
Are those that words can never know.

MARY M. ADAMS

A TOAST

Ye will drink who love the lasses —
Here 's to one — up ! clink your glasses !
Sun that daily loves to greet her
Never shone on graces sweeter ;
Yet I neither know nor care
Just the color of her hair.
I have seen a sunbeam bold
Shining through each graceful fold.

Here 's to fairest, rarest maiden,
Let the toast be homage-laden.
Is she worthy of the honor ?
I would wager all upon her ;
Yet I would not dare to say
If her eyes were blue or gray.
With the love-light shining through
What care I for gray or blue ?
If you 'd been there, I 'm decided,
You 'd have acted just as I did.
Up, then, up ! and clink your glasses
To the loveliest of lasses !

B. J.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

LULLABY

Hush, little pickaninny,
What do you fear?
Nothin' shall frighten you,
Mammy am near;
The night wind am sighing,
The owls am a-crying,
Hush, little baby boy, dear.

Right thro' the darkness, chile,
Up on a-high,
Angels am watchin' you
Out o' the sky.
The stars am a-shining,
The mole am a-mining,
Hush little baby, don't cry.

Just now to think o' it,
'T won't be 'fore long,
Mammy's dear baby boy
Gets big and strong!
The stars am a-shining,
The mole am a-mining,
Sleep, little baby boy, deep and long.

Hush, little pickaninny,
What do you fear?
Nothin' shall frighten you,
Mammy am near;
The night wind am sighing,
The owls am a-crying,
Hush, little baby boy, dear.

A. H. BLACKISTON

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

DON'T YOU CARE

When the cold wind sweeps the woodland,
Whistling through the branches bare,
And you hear old Winter's footsteps,
Spring will follow. Don't you care.

When your money is fast failing,
And your pocket-book grows spare,
While your tailor waxes anxious,
Luck is turning. Don't you care.

When your best girl's heart grows frigid
While another gets your share,
And you hear her call you "Mister,"
There are others. Don't you care.

When, with sorrows and with troubles,
Life's great load seems hard to bear,
And this old world palls and wearies,
There 's a Heaven. Don't you care.

F. PUTNEY, JR.

The dear little dignified air,
The sweet little countrified face,
The mob-cap crowning your hair,
Just edged with the daintiest lace,
The 'kerchief crossed under your chin,
The mits hiding your round, dimpled arms —
Dear child, you won my heart, then,
With your little, last-century charms.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD

IN COLLEGE DAYS

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring merrily, ye Christmas bells,
Ring out upon the quiet night.
Each blithesome, brazen note that swells
Aloft from every belfry's height
Once more the joyous tidings tells.
Ye bells, rejoice
With liquid voice,
Proclaiming over all the earth
The night that saw the Saviour's birth.

Ring, Christmas bells, ring loud and long —
Abroad your blessed message fling,
And let your notes replace the song
Which shepherds that first night did sing
In Palestine, a joyous throng.
Ye bells, rejoice
With liquid voice,
While, as of old, the angels raise
On high exultant hymns of praise !

Ring out, ye bells, above the earth
Where sleepeth now mankind in peace,
Or, wakened by your pealing mirth,
Which seemeth ever to increase,
Heareth the tidings of His birth.
Ye bells, rejoice
With liquid voice ;
Ring loudly, widely, wildly ring —
'T is the birthday of Heaven's holy king !

F. M. C.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE JESTER

*A fool's a fool,
And a man's a man,
And each is one or the other;
But remember, pray,
When you've aught to say,
That a man may be a fool's brother.*

Pietro, the Jester, sang this song,
Long since, to the jingle of cap and bells;
Whether the sentiment's right or wrong
Nothing but sad experience tells.

Pietro is dead, long years ago,
And the wise men who smiled at his feeble jest —
Why, strange to say, it has happened so
That they are dead like all the rest.

*Oh! a fool's a fool,
And a man's a man,
And life is a merry jest;
But whether a man's
A fool or a man
Is a riddle like all the rest.*

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS

IN MAY

Come, sweetheart violet, kiss me,
I'll have no love but thee;
Let men and maids go courting
Beneath the greenwood tree.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

All thro' the soft spring weather,
O little heart of gold,
We 'll hide i' the grass together,
Where secrets may be told.

There, breathe thy sweetness on me,
And all the livelong night
The stars between the tree-tops
Shall watch our love's delight.

And then — I'll pluck and wear thee,
That all the maids may know
How many fairer sweethearts
Along the wayside grow.

MARY HALE JONES

THE CHESTNUTS ON THE HILL

When the apples fast were ripening, and the woods were
turning brown,
When the frosty winds of autumn sent the dead leaves
fluttering down,
When the nuts lay plump and plenty, while the squirrels
took their fill,
Boy and girl, we played together 'neath the chestnuts on
the hill.

Oh, that blessed night of summer, when I kissed her cheek
so fair !
How the fragrance of the clover and the roses filled the air !
While the full moon shed her kindly light, so soft and white
and still,
As we plighted troth together 'neath the chestnuts on the
hill.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Summertime has changed to winter, and the years have faded fast:

Now — I sit alone and ponder on the dear scenes of the past.

There 's a yearning in my old heart, and an ache that naught can still,

For she 's sleeping, sweetly sleeping, 'neath the chestnuts on the hill.

PUTNEY

SONG—TO A LITTLE GIRL

If I were a bee and you were a flower,

What do you think I 'd do?

I 'd gather your sweetness every hour;

That is what I would do.

If I were the wind and you were a tree,

What do you think I 'd do?

I 'd prattle and play and sing to thee;

That is what I would do.

If I were a lake and you were a star,

What do you think I 'd do?

I 'd shine with your beauty from afar;

That is what I would do.

If I were a little girl just like you,

What do you think I 'd do?

I 'd grow up good and sweet and true;

That is what I would do.

RUTH

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE FRUIT-SELLER

Piled high with apples, grapes and pears,
Against the wall his fruit-stand leans ;
While at each end two torch-flames twist
And flicker in the evening mist,
And dimly light his motley wares
Of purples, reds and varied greens.

The vender, from a window nigh,
An old Italian in a suit
Of checkered gray, upon whose head
Is flung a cap of brownish red,
Looks down the street with dreamy eye,
And smokes a pipe and guards his fruit.

But while upon his face the light
Of torches flickers dim with soot,
The sunny sky of Italy
And sapphire of the Adrian sea
Drift back again upon his sight,
While still he smokes and guards his fruit.

FRED C. GRATWICK

TO A LONE ROBIN SINGING

The north wind moans a-down the dale,
And sweeps through orchards bleak and bare,
But redbreast rocking to the gale
Sings lusty as the twilight falls,
"Cheer up ; cheer up ; for Spring is here."

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

"The earth lies rocked in sleep, my bird,
The north wind bloweth cold,
A silly message thou dost bring;
For birds like thee are overbold
To herald forth the Spring."
But yet the robin caroled free,
"Cheer up; cheer up; the Spring is here."

"The streams run full, thou sightless man;
The sun will rise again.
The south wind listens for my call
Ere coming with his rain.
Take heart; take heart; for Spring is here."

Sing on, blithe bird, thy song of hope,
God grant such loving trust
To face the storm with a cheerful heart,
And smile while skies are growing dark.
"Cheer up; cheer up; for Spring is here."

CASTE

A violet once in a garden grew
At the foot of a sunflower bold,
And he fell in love with her eyes of blue,
And she with his crown of gold.

But he never could stoop to tell her so,
Tho' oft and anon he would try,
And her voice could not reach from the depths below,
And they yearn for each other and die!

I. K. FRIEDMAN

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE DAYS OF THE MODERN BELLE

Ah, for the time of the minuet,
When stately movement on movement swayed,
And soft eyes spoke some quaint regret —
Gone are the days of the old brocade ;
In the tripping time of the waltz is made
Some deft enchantment, and 'neath its spell
Her dainty heart on his sleeve is laid —
These are the days of the modern belle.

When Hetty was pretty in homespun yet,
And every fold her grace betrayed —
Ah, the sombre jewels of coral and jet !
Gone are the days of the old brocade ;
From the rues of Paris we find obeyed
The hints that Virot and Worth may tell,
And gentle Simplicity flees dismayed —
These are the days of the modern belle.

Till now grave memories anxiously fret
At the glittering splendor and gay parade,
And sigh for the times of Polly and Bet —
Gone are the days of the old brocade ;
When softest blushes in beauty strayed
And brimming dimples would come — Ah, well !
Those gentle years were meant to fade —
These are the days of the modern belle.

Ah, Memory listens to Fancy's aid —
Gone are the days of the old brocade ;
And their very follies our loves impel —
These are the days of the modern belle.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

HER ANSWER

They were standing alone in the dim-lighted hall
Where the flickering hearth-fire its dull luster shed ;
He was saying "good-night" again after the ball,
Yet lingering here as for something unsaid.

"Your eyes say 'yes,' but your lips say 'no,'
And you leave it to me ; do you think it quite fair ?
Do you think an unprejudiced judgment I'll show,
When there is so much at stake, and all that I care ?"

"If the lips say 'no,' but the eyes say 'yes,'
Perhaps there's excuse if decision you lack ;
Maybe it is hard, and this once I guess —
If you can't, then I will ; the eyes have it, Jack !"

SONG

A little song I would sing you,
A little love I would bring you,—
All that my heart can hold.
If the song you would have sweeter,
Read the love and leave the meter —
Words at best are cold.

A little life I would live you,
A little toil I would give you,—
All that my hands can do.
Though the gift be poor, above it
Read the motive, dear, and love it ;
For 't is all for you.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

IN COLLEGE DAYS

SONG

At eventide, as sinks the sun,
 Trip ye, little one, lightly,
At eventide, when the task is done,
When the weary web of the day is spun,
I wander away through the woodlands wild,
And think of thee — my far-off child :
 Aye, trip ye, little one, lightly,
 Light be thy step as the swan's own feather
 O'er the moss-bound crag and the purpled heather.

Solitude reigns in the golden West,
 Trip ye, little one, lightly,
Solitude reigns, and eternal rest,
But peace comes not to one worn breast,
As it toils and works and waits for thee,
Till the time shall come when we each are free :
 So, trip ye, little one, lightly,
 Light be thy step as the swan's own feather
 O'er the moss-bound crag and the purpled heather.

WINSTON T. TOWNSEND

DREAM TIDES

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
 Sing high, sing low.
The spirits are climbing the milky way,
The loon's laugh echoes from over the bay,
Where the moonlight gleams on the sandy brae
 As white as the driving snow.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
Sing high, sing low.
The spirits are climbing the milky way,
And the faint, sweet strains of a dreamland lay,
From the starry steeps through the upper gray,
Have come to the plain below.

The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
Sing soft, sing low.
The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
The dawn creeps out of the eastern gray,
And tints the frosted pane with its ray,
And wakes the world with its glow.

FORSYTH WICKES

MY LADY

Among the flowers my Lady sits alway,
Her dreams a-rhyming to the murmurous sway
Of the pines, swinging to the wind's low sound;
Sweetness and peace encompass her around,
Nor any discord doth her soul dismay.
Elsewhere the land hath quite forgot the May,
Across the path the dead leaves whirl astray.
The white frost lieth thick upon the ground,
Among the flowers.

But near my Lady spring doth always stay,
Nor any chilling frost those buds can slay
Wherewith my memory ever sees her crowned.
Oh, garden, that my heart a-wandering found,
How fain would I be lingering to-day,
Among the flowers.

ELSIE JONES COOLEY

IN COLLEGE DAYS

WITH ROSES

I send these flowers to you to-day
To whisper low, as blossoms may,
In happy fragrance wet with dew,
Their joy at being kissed by you.

And more than this they fain would say,
But other thoughts will flee away ;
For blossoms under your caress
Remember only happiness.

So you must guess what they would say,
Their hints of hope, of coming May,
Their dew that is not only dew,
And little whispered words to you.

All blossoms born of common clay
Must droop and wither in a day ;
But when your own sweet self they see,
They straight forget mortality.

If flowers I send to you to-day
Have drooped and withered on the way,
E'en though they feel that death be nigh,
Your presence will revivify.

Some blossoms born of common clay
May hint of things that live away ;
But even flowers that live for aye
Could not tell half I want to say.

RICHARD BOWLAND KIMBALL

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

"LOVE CAME AND WENT"

"Love came and went and left me what I am." — SHELLEY

Why did you come ?

In the gray morning of the new day's life,
When clouds and mist absorb in sullen strife
The glinting rose-rays of the ascending sun.
Sudden one golden ray, with power divine,
May pierce the leaden covering, and shine
One moment on the earth ; but only one.
Why did it come ?

Why did you come ?

In the gray morning of my uncertain youth,
When clouds of doubt sweep o'er me without ruth,
Shutting away the happiness of all.
One gentle, wondrous ray of Joy, which lies
Where the Perfect is, came (Julia) from your eyes.
It awakened me, but now is gone. I call,
Lonely, in vain ;
Why did you come ?

Why have you gone ?

In the holy evening of the dying day,
When the sun has vanished, and the quavering lay
Of crickets rises thrilling through the grass.
The new-born crescent of the virgin moon
Already veils herself (ah ! all too soon)
Behind the western wood ; she quick will pass.
The night shall come.
Why has she gone ?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Why have you gone ?

In those days I was peaceful as the holy eve,
Dreamily lying, while my Love did weave
A thread of perfect quiet round my heart.
You, like the new-moon (Julia), gentle maid,
Have vanished in the west, and I have stayed
(Would Heaven that westward, I, too, might depart)
Alone beneath the night.

Why have you gone ?

MAXWELL SAVAGE

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

Fifty leagues, fifty leagues — and I ride, and I ride —
Fifty leagues as the black crow flies.
None of the three are by my side . . .
The black horse reels, and the black horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were four, we were four — and I ride, and I ride —
We were four, but Porthos lies
God knows where by the highwayside . . .
The roan horse reels, and the roan horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were three, we were three — and I ride, and I ride —
We were three ; Aramis lies
Fettered and bound and chained and tied . . . }
The dun horse reels, and the dun horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

We were two, we were two — and I ride, and I ride —
We were two, but the devil's spies
Tore brave Athos from my side . . .
The bay horse reels, and the bay horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

All alone, all alone — and I ride, and I ride —
All alone, and an ambush lies
God knows where by the highwayside . . .
The gray horse reels, and the gray horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

THE CALLING SEA

O the sea is a-calling me, lassie,
And the wild waves sing aloud ;
The great gulls scream,
And the white sails gleam,
And the sun beckons over the cloud.

O the pine trees are singing, my laddie,
And the stream runs deep and still ;
The roses glow,
And the birds trill low,
And the lambs bleat over the hill.

O the sea is a-calling me, lassie,
And the wild waves shout "ahoy" ;
The white gulls wheel,
And the storm-bells peal,
And good-bye to your own sailor boy.

FANNY HART

IN COLLEGE DAYS

FRESHMAN, BRING YOUR PITCHER

O Freshman, bring your pitcher,
Your empty pitcher bring ;
And seek the sources richer,
The education'l spring —
The fount of ceaseless flowing,
The well of profound knowing,
The river always going
Like bird upon the wing.

O Freshman, bring your pitcher, your pitcher, your pitcher,
Your empty pitcher, pitcher, your empty pitcher bring ;
For here's the fount of knowledge, this college, college, college,
From which we draw our learning like buckets from a spring.

Cast to the winds your fearing,
And breast the buoyant stream ;
And dip in waters clearing,
Whereon the sun may gleam.
Fill full a brimming measure,
Your pitcher beareth treasure,
With no delay for leisure
Is but an idler's dream.

Drink deep a draught full mighty
Of waters bubbling up ;
Quench all false fancies flighty,
And fill anew the cup.
'T is water strong and burning
That fills the soul with yearning.
Drink deep ! for drunk with learning
Ye want not bite nor sup.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

HO, LITTLE SWEETHEART ' /

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
What has the world been doing for you ?
Has fortune been smiling upon you still,
Or have wayward winds been wafting you ill ?
Are the skies a bit gray, or the skies all blue ?
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
Are the days all sunshine, or only a few ?
Is your heart still singing a glad refrain,
Or do tear-drops dim your dear eyes again ?
Are your dreams but dreams, or do some come true ?
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
Whisper the story so old, — so new ;
Tell me you love but me ; tell me you've missed
Lips that *your* lips have so tenderly kissed —
But keep it a secret between us two —
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

* * * * *

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
God's little keepsake beyond the deep blue ;
Gently he kissed thee and called thee to rest,
Nestled thee close to His own loving breast ;
God knew we loved thee but He loved thee too,
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

EDWARD DINWOODIE STRICKLAND

IN COLLEGE DAYS

CUPID ON FEBRUARY FOUR- TEENTH

I've been insulted in this place,
I've probed the depths of deep disgrace,
I've had to say flat, silly things,
And wear atrocious looking wings.
I've had to pierce misshapen hearts,
And that, too, with huge crowbar darts,
I've had to flatter, fib, and worse —
I've had to talk in halting verse !

O college maids, have mercy, pray,
And spare me on love's holiday !
If you will paint when art you've none,
If you will meter slay for fun,
Express your love e'en as you will,
Enjoy your friends and missives still,
But as you value my fair fame
Don't sign your verse with Cupid's name !

S. F. R.

UNTENANTED

Maud's locket fashioned like a heart,
 With tiny jewels set,
Is filigreed with dainty art,
And pictured, too, with Cupid's dart,
This locket fashioned like a heart
 She hath inscribed "To Let."
Maud's locket, fashioned like a heart,
 With tiny jewels set.

H. W.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKE

O thou Spirit of the Lake,
I am homesick for thy sake,
For thy rainy robes of mist
That so slowly sway and twist,
By the south wind softly kissed.

O thou Spirit of the Lake,
Still I hear, asleep or wake,
That May morning laugh of thine
Rippling with a mirth divine
To the blue horizon line.

And that flush so wondrous fair
When thou liest dreaming there,
To the Sun's last kiss laid bare,
All my heart doth captive take,
O sweet Spirit of the Lake.

THE ROSE AND THE SUNFLOWER

A rose and a sunflower in a garden grew.
"Oh," sighed the rose and wept a tear of dew,
"How nice it is to be so grand and tall
That you can look beyond the garden wall."

The listening sunflower lower bent his head,
And smiling at the pretty rose, he said,
"Believe me, I have looked, and tell you true
That naught beyond is half so fair as you."

ARTHUR H. HOLMES

IN COLLEGE DAYS

AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA

There 's a fairy land where wave meets sky,
Where our dreams come true, our sorrows fly.
There we can be all we mean to be
In that mystical land at the edge of the sea.

With faith embark'd on a ship called Hope,
We heave the anchor, we cut the rope,
And we turn our eyes from the darkening lea
To the mystical land at the edge of the sea.

We sail away toward the end of the sky,
Where the shadowy, longed-for islands lie,
We dream and we dream of these days to be
In that mystical land at the edge of the sea.

Oh the gales of passion may drive us far,
And the clouds of doubt hide away every star.
We sail and sail, but no land we find,
And we long for the haven we left behind.

To that calm harbor there's no return,
Though winds may freeze and though suns may burn,
But what care we for the harbor bar
While our dreamland cities shine afar?

Vain is our search. Yet their towers will rise
Through some golden dawn to our watching eyes,
And our hearts grow strong, and our souls are free
In that mystical land at the edge of the sea.

MARGARET PINKNEY JACKSON

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

BENEATH THE BONNET

Beneath a pink sun bonnet,
With sunlight on it,
A lassie stood ; and near
Her laddie dear.
Beneath the bonnet two blue eyes
Sent him replies,
And 'neath it blushed two bonnie cheeks,
Sun tanned for weeks,
And two red lips and teeth — two rows,
And two — there goes
Two heads — and pity on it —
Beneath the bonnet.

ARCADIE

In Arcadie, fair Arcadie,
There Age finds Youth and bond go free,
And toiling ceaseth, and delight
Makes evening dawn and day of night ;
And man to man ne'er bends the knee
In Arcadie, fair Arcadie.

In Arcadie, fair Arcadie,
The violets spring in lane, on lea ;
And showers fall as faint as dew
From skies that never lose their blue ;
And all the land is fair to see
In Arcadie, fair Arcadie.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

In Arcadie, fair Arcadie,
The poor are rich as rich need be ;
And peasants are of princely birth ;
And kingliest labor tills the earth ;
And peace abides, for sorrows flee
In Arcadie, fair Arcadie.

In Arcadie, fair Arcadie,
Are faces that are fair to see ;
And hands are gentle, eyes are kind ;
For love is thronèd in each mind ;
And in each heart dwells charity
In Arcadie, fair Arcadie.

In Arcadie, fair Arcadie,
A " Welcome, Friend," waits you and me ;
And faces long-lost we shall greet,
And names beloved of old repeat ;
When we have crossed Death's unknown sea
To Arcadie, fair Arcadie.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

TRIOLETS

When Dorothy comes down the hill
To church on Sunday morning,
In neat chapeau and dainty frill,
She trippeth lightly down the hill ;
And, ah, my heart will not keep still,
All calm demeanor scorning,
When Dorothy comes down the hill
To church on Sunday morning.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

While Dorothy is passing by
 She looks not where I'm sitting.
Ah, can it be because she's shy
And fears to look in passing by
Lest there be love-light in my eye,
 The Sabbath unbefitting?
Yes, Dorothy is passing by
 And looks not where I'm sitting.

When Dorothy is gone from sight
 My heart is filled with longing,
But lingers yet a keen delight,
I see her still though gone from sight ;
And memories round that figure bright
 In fair array are thronging,
Though Dorothy has gone from sight
 And I am filled with longing.

R. S. H.

MY WEATHER PROPHECY

When Phyllis gives a smile to me
 The sun bursts forth with brightest ray,
The warblers sing in every tree,
 And sparkling, glorious is the day
When Phyllis gives a smile to me.

When Phyllis gives a frown to me
 The sun is shadowed by a cloud,
And light and happiness both flee,
 Then rain-drops come and thunder loud,
When Phyllis gives a frown to me.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When Phyllis smiles or frowns at me,
Howe'er she casts her magic spell,
On this my heart and I agree —
I ever love her just as well,
Whether she smiles or frowns at me.

A. L. T.

A FANCY

Into my dreams will come the days of old,
Oh soothing revery!
Some Norman castle flings its turrets high
Athwart the sunny, silken, summer sky,
And from its gate ride knights in arms of gold.
Oh glorious chivalry!
On arm love's token,
On shield lance broken,
Nor yet in peace, nor war, nor love is false word spoken.
Oh gentle courtesy!

Gone are those days of gallant, loyal deeds,
Oh gentle courtesy!
No more the bright sun gilds the crest and spear,
Nor lover earns the token he would wear;
All gone — the lists, the shouts, the neighing steeds.
Oh glorious chivalry!
They come in dreamings,
Soft gentle seemings
Of golden past, once lived, now gone — naught now but
dreamings,
Oh sweet, sweet revery!

J. D. M.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

Lads and lassies, away ! away !

Bring the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !
With wreaths and ribbons and garlands gay
To deck the halls for our Christmas Day.

Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !

With their glistening leaves and berries bright,
Twine the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !
Frolic and fun are ours to-night,
Mirth and music and laughter light ;

Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !

But of Cupid's wiles, my boy, beware,
'Mid the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !
For the mischievous sprite is always there,
And for many a man he sets a snare.

Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !

And a branch that swings from the chandelier
'Neath the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !
Will tempt some fellow too far, I fear,
When Somebody flits so near — so near —

Sing hey ! for the jolly mistletoe !

For if there were Someone with eyes of blue
'Neath the evergreen bay and the holly, oh !
I know of — something — and so do you,
Which would change her cheeks to the roses' hue —
Ye gods ! Sing hey ! for the mistletoe !

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON

IN COLLEGE DAYS

GOLF

Cupid once went golfing mad,
Just the same
As our men and maids do now
O'er the game.
He surveyed with cunning eye
Nearly all
Of his stock and chose my heart
For a ball.
Then he put it for a drive
On a tee
Made of walks, of drives, of yacht trips
On the sea.
With utmost deliberation he
Addressed it,
But no doubt 't was pure perverseness that
Possessed it,
For it landed on a bunker
Spite of art,
And that bunker, fairest maiden,
Was your heart.

WOULD YOU?

If a naughty man
Should reach for my fan,
And missing take something in lieu,
Would I look very mad,
And call him "so bad?"
Well, maybe I would — would you?

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

If the same horrid thing,
With the ease of a king,
An arm round my tapering waist drew,
Would, without hesitation,
I cause consternation?
Well, maybe I would — would you?

If on a dark night,
In a place out of sight,
He should bid a tender adieu,
Would I call for my mother,
My father and brother?
Well, maybe I would — would you?

Who would fail to make hay
On a sunshiny day,
And not afterwards feel quite blue?
Then why should one miss
Just one little kiss?
Would I, do you think — would you?

A. H. BLACKISTON

PARTING

The band was playing a waltz-quadrille,
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather
As we floated away at the music's will
Through the intricate, mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, then quick retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
Back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to head as we slowly glided ;
Like leaves on the wave, in that waltz-quadrille,
We parted, met and then divided, —
You drifting one way, I another,
Suddenly turning and facing each other,
Then off in the blithe *chassé*;
Then airily back to our places swaying,
With every lilt of the music saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, " Let us take our fill
Of mirth and music and love and laughter,
For it all must end with the waltz-quadrille,
And life will be never the same life after.
Oh, that the caller might go on calling !
Oh that the music might go on falling,
Like a shower of silver spray,
While we whirl on to the vast forever,
Where no hearts break and no ties sever,
And no one goes away ! "

A clamor, a crash, the music was still ;
'T was the end of the dream and the end of the
measure,
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of pleasure.
You said goodnight, the spell was over,
Too warm for a friend, too cold for a lover,
There was nothing else to say ;
But the lights looked dim, the dancers weary,
The music seemed sad, and the room was dreary,
When you had gone away.

W. H. CAMERON

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE EARLY BIRD

Under the lilacs, he sits and sings,
Only a robin, with dark brown wings.
Hark! Do you hear his song absurd?
"The worm is caught by the early bird."

Under the lilacs, a maiden stands,
Holding a flower in her dainty hands.
The sun is just rising, but she has heard
That "the worm is caught by the early bird."

Under the lilacs, he strides along,
Humming softly an old love song.
He sees her and stops with a tender word,
And smilingly calls her "an early bird."

Under the lilacs, she blushes red,
Lower and lower she bends her head,
To his words of love no answer 's heard
Except by himself and the singing bird.

But the robin thinks as robins may,
In their own philosophical bird-like way,
That the truth of his song is not absurd,
For the worm has been caught by the early bird.

L. C. S.

THE SONG OF THE ENGINEER

A steamer is a cranky one,
She dances all about;
She'd buckle up an' twist 'er spine
If 'er stringers was n't stout.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

She 's a prinkin', mincin', fickle craft,
An' goes by crosswise tracks,
A-twistin' an' rollin' till the sea
Pours int' the top 'f 'er stacks.

But a loco obeys the rule o' the rail,
An' does n't seem to mind,
An' shows 'erself considerate
'F the innerds o' them behind.

A loco's ways are civilized ;
She's suthin tractable,
An' the trail she hits on every trip
Is the same exact, by gol.

A steamer 's like a 'ulkin' beast ;
Her brain is all in-ert.
My engine is the handies' thing,
Like a pocket in a shirt.

A steamer is sulky, an' silent, an' dumb,
An' treacherous like the sea ;
She haint no song wot can be expressed
By hon-o-matope.

But the song clicked out to the engineer
Means a thousand things to him,
Accordin' t' the speed an' length o' rail —
Accordin' to his whim.

A loco is a livin' thing —
A breathin' mass o' steel ;
An' may I hear until I die
The chir-r-r of the loco's wheel.

P. R. D.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

BOATING SONG

Row, gently, row,
The waves are still,
The sunlight fades behind the hill,
Its golden gleams upon us fall,
And Beauty's face is over all,
Row, comrades, row.

Row, gently, row,
Day ends in star,
Behold her where she shines afar,
The fair, new moon her light enfolds,
And each a lover's promise holds,
Row, comrades, row.

Row, gently, row,
So still may we
Glide forward on life's stormy sea,
And when we reach the harbor bar,
May we find moon and guiding star,
Row, comrades, row.

MARY M. ADAMS

THE WORLD'S SLEEP

Haste, cover yourself in the shrouded skies,
Faint moon, with your broken ring;
And, curious stars, bind fast your eyes
With the clouds that the rain winds bring.
Deep, motionless night, with your mantle dark
Of silence and shadow deep,
Bend closer while watching, the long hours mark,
And let the old world sleep.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Whispering wind of the wandering feet,
Steal back to the forest shade ;
Break not the quiet so still, so sweet,
That over the world is laid :
For the world is so weary, so sad with woe,
Wake it and it will weep ;
Compassionate wind, breathe soft and go,
And let the old world sleep.

S. C. W.

TWILIGHT AT CHELSEA-MERE

Far over the distant meadows
Comes a tinkle soft but clear,
The cows coming home at twilight
Thro' the bars of Chelsea-Mere.

And after the long day's fishing
Slowly the boats draw near,
Loosening the chains of their anchors
In the harbor of Chelsea-Mere.

Down in the path from the cornfield,
Ling'ring, the children hear
The cheery song of the ploughman
Returning to Chelsea-Mere.

Now the wavering light grows fainter,
And deeper the shadows appear ;
The stillness of evening falls over
The hamlet of Chelsea-Mere.

ASENATH BORDEN

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

IN CATHAY

TO MY OLD AMAH

Let me be thy child again,
Lead me to the lily pond ;
Let me watch the goldfish play,
Let me see the bamboo sway,
In Cathay.

Take me to the temple gate,
Let us worship at the shrine ;
You are Buddha, I will play,
Tell the priest to go away,
From Cathay.

Reach that pomegranate red,
That one swinging on the bough ;
Quick, oh quick, make no delay
Yellow dragons near us stray,
In Cathay.

Rock me in thy dusky arms,
Shield me from the " Evil Eye " ;
Press my cheek to thine, and say,
Sleep, my sweet, sleep, sleep till day,
In Cathay. R. C.

TO THE HYACINTH

Now whisper, dainty flower,
And soft the secret tell,
What means the gentle swaying
Of each pretty, purple bell ?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Do they ring with wondrous music
For our dull sense too clear ?
Do they chime in sweet accordance
For another, purer sphere ?

In the world of elves and fairies
Do they swing at weddings gay ?
Do they toll the sad departure
Of some all too-mortal fay ?

In the moonlight's pale, faint fairness
Does their happy rhythm sound
To the listening world of blossoms
In dreamy silence bound ?

Now whisper, pretty flower,
Have I the secret guessed ?
By your magic, mystic music
Is some world of joy blessed ?

NINA ALMIRALL

MISTRESS PATTY

Mistress Patty, trim and neat,
Sits within the window seat ;
Sits and knits, with skillful hand,
Tasseled purse of silken strand.
Did she know that with each knot
My heart strings she tightly caught,
That each loop that she made fast
Bound me closer than the last ?
Would she, if my thoughts she learned,
Sit and knit so unconcerned ?

F. T. WOODBURY

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A TRIOLET

She pressed a rosebud to her cheek,
I'm sure I wished I were the rose,
She looked so witching and so meek,
She pressed a rosebud to her cheek.
"Were I the rose," her eyes I seek,
"Would we be friends," I ask, "or foes?"
She pressed a rosebud to her cheek,
I'm sure I wished I were the rose.

V. W. F.

THE CHIMES

Jangling bells in high clock-tower,
Zig-zag chimes that tipsy go,
Ring that crazy tune you know,
For the useless inter-hour.

CHORUS — (*Imitation of Chimes*)

Ting! Tang! Ting! Tang! etc.
(*Pause — Imitation of half hour*).
Kling! Klang! Kling! Klang!

Winter's gloom and springtime's glee,
Morning's stir and evening's calm, —
Still you sing that same old psalm
In your doleful minor key.

Bells that quavering rise and fall,
Tuneless bells that strangely chime,
Sweet shall seem your voice sometime,
When in dreams we hear you call.

F. N. SCOTT

IN COLLEGE DAYS

AN INDIAN LULLABY

Hush, little child of the forest wild —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

While the sleepy woods are soft beguiled

By the rueful moan of the river's tone,

As it sings its lullaby all alone,

And the stars call back in a tinkling song

To the moaning river as it runs along,

And the echoes whisper soft and strong —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

Sleep! The day has long been dead —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

The shadows are streaming around your head,

And the Spirit Great looks down from the sky,

Guarding your sleep as the hours speed by,

Watching you there while the night winds blow,

As these hazy visions come and go,

And the tree tops rustle sweet and low —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

Dream of the Happy Hunting Grounds —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

Where the rivers are many and game abounds,

And the cries of the hunters are never still,

But loudly resound o'er valley and hill;

And listen, they tell you to go to rest,

Nestling closer to Nature's breast,

Securely watched in your leafy nest —

O hushaby! O lullaby!

G. C. WING, JR.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

TO MY LASSIE

RONDEAU

Wee bonny lass, wi' winsome glee,
Who looks so sweetly up at me,
 Wi' little queenly head sedate,
 An' feet that gang a tripping gait,
Come to my arms an' bide a wee.

Ou, ay ! ye 're only juist past three,
But I am fast i' love wi' ye,
 In your sweet smile I'll read my fate,
 Wee, bonny lass.

One laughing glance frae that bright e'e
Is worth far more than gems to me.
 An' the gowd upon that wee sma' pate,
 Than wealth o' any potentate.
So come, my fairy princess be,
 Wee, bonny lass.

WALTER A. DYER

BESS AND I

In the summer weather,
 Hot and dry,
Went together sailing,
 Bess and I.

Bright the moon was shining,
 Full and high,
As we sailed together,
 Bess and I.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

'T was a lover's Eden,
No one nigh,
Just we two together,
Bess and I.

Bessie clasped the tiller,
Sweet and shy,
So we steered together,
Bess and I.

White our hair as snowflakes,
From the sky ;
Still we steer together,
Bess and I.

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH

THE SAILOR'S LITANY

When the white snow whirls in flurries
Through the dark and restless night,
When the black scud swirls and trembles
In demon-like delight,
When the frothing waves toss their heads
As if in agony,
Then, Lord, look down in kindness
On them that sail the sea.

When blocks and spars are double-lashed
And double-reefed the sheets,
When topsails are clewed snugly,
And guys groan in the cleats,

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

When two strong men must turn the wheel,
When the great white sea gulls flee,
Then, Lord, look down in mercy
On them that sail the sea.

When spar and sail are swept away,
And frowning breakers roar,
When lights gleam o'er the starboard bow
Upon a rock-bound shore,
When lifeboats would be merely toys,
When call the Sisters Three,
Then, Lord, look down and pity
All them that sail the sea.

J. BREWER CORCORAN

THREE FINGERS OF BOURBON

Here to my hearthstone, welcome, friends !
Without, 't is cold, ye say ?
Ah, sit ye down before the fire
And thaw the frost away :
Then fill your long-clay bowls and smoke,
And dream o' days ago ;
And some one heat the water, for
Three fingers of Bourbon.

Ye M. D.'s, and ye advocates,
Ye scribbling men of verse,
Ye editors, and clergymen, —
Your livings were far worse,
Had not the heavenly powers inspired
An honest " Hieland mon"
To heat a " drap o' water," for
Three fingers of Bourbon.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When Death knocks at my portal,
And I totter to the door,
And lift the latch, and let him in
That ne'er came in before, —
May I not seem unfriendly,
But smile my guest upon,
Then bid him heat the water, for
Three fingers of Bourbon.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

SPRING IS COMING

There's a something in the air
Round about me, everywhere,
 Faintly humming ;
And I hear a gentle breeze
Low, confiding to the trees,
 " Spring is coming."

While the quivering echoes fling
Back and forth, a caroling,
 And a drumming :
This the billowy song that floats
From the joyous little throats,
 " Spring is coming."

Soft upon the evening breeze
Steal a banjo's melodies,
 Sweet the tumming ;
And again I hear the song
In the moonlight borne along,
 " Spring is coming."

WILLIAM B. OTIS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

ROBIN

The spider's dew-wet web is spun

When shimmering the moss-rose flushes,

Each drop of dew a mimic sun,

As 'cross my lawn the robins run,

While from yon pine there gushes,

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! from pine-top ringing,

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

Hol-lo! gay robin's clinging, swinging,

And waking sluggards with his singing —

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

“Come see my burning breast of red!”

(This robin is a proud, vain fellow)

“The earth smells sweet, the pansy bed

Is glowing like the sky o'erhead!”

A pause — then comes the mellow,

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

And so throughout the April day,

Through gleam of sun and gloom of shower,

The robin lilts his jocund lay,

And all the time he seems to say —

Till night steals o'er his bower —

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! from pine-top ringing,

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

Hol-lo! gay robin's clinging, swinging,

And waking sluggards with his singing,

Hol-lo! Hal-lo-o! Hol-lo!

FRANK W. O'MALLEY

IN COLLEGE DAYS

X

MEH LADY

(EAST VIRGINIA DIALECT)

O Meh Lady,
Don' turn you' head away,
Don' you hide dem stars o' you'n
Dee shinin' in de day;
For de whole wull ev'ywhar,
Und' de sky so blue,
Tells me to be happy —
An' I 's lovin' you.

De blue-bird is a-singin'
In de ole apple tree,
An' de meanin' o' he song,
Hit's comin' heah to me;
For he says, "Be happy, happy
While de sky is blue." —
I's only glad, Meh Lady,
When I 's heah wid you.

De daisies' lookin' up
In de wavy medder grass,
And I heah 'em say,
"Summertime don' las';
Better to be happy
While de sky is blue." —
An' I cyarn' be happy,
Les I 's with you.

O, Meh Lady,
Don' turn you' head away;
Don' you hide dem stars o' you'n
Dee shinin' in de day;

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

For de whole wull ev'ywhar,
Und' de sky so blue,
Tells me to be happy
An' — I's lovin' you.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

FORGIVEN?

I saw Love stand,
Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt — I caught his hand :
"O Love," I cried, "I did not understand !
Forgive — forget !"
Love raised his head,
And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
"I have forgot — what was it all ?" he said ;
"Only — my hands are scarred where they have bled ;
My wings are torn."

H. C. R.

Every May Day
Is a gray day,
If my Ladie
Be not here.

But each gray day
Soon 's a gay day,
If she chanceth
To draw near.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

IN COLLEGE DAYS

CUBA LIBRE—A RETROSPECT

Long years did Tyranny with bloody hand
Fill thy fair borders with her awful reign,
Thrice-cruel seemed it, for 't was sunny Spain,
Thy mother country, near whose southern strand
Rise still the piles thy fathers' cunning planned —
'T was she that smote thee; and the mother-tongue,
In whose soft cadence many a bard has sung,
Fell curses framed against thy suffering land.

Now, all is over; in thy tropic calm
Sleep on, fair isle, the century's latest state,
On thy sad wounds hath Justice poured her balm,
And Peace, white-winged, standeth at thy gate.
For fame nor spoils was it we fought for thee;
Our hearts said, ere our guns, "Thou should'st be free."

L. E. DANIELS

THE DEUX TEMPS

Come, let's away to the joyous dance,
And if the music be, perchance,
Some galloping, wild and tuneful pace,
Let's whirl us madly round the place,
Where dancers gay trip light their way,
In the Deux Temps merrily;
Where glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes
Conjure for us a Paradise
Of nymphs and sprites and angels fair,
So gladsome, lithe and free from care,
Where we'll dance away the night and day,
In the Deux Temps cheerily.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Oh, sweet the joy and rare the fun,
That comes to each gay-hearted one
While gliding through the festal hall,
Where grace and beauty cheereth all,
And nimble feet the rhythm beat,
To the Deux Temps playfully ;
Alas ! the dance is nearly o'er,
Around ! around ! just one time more ;
With laughter free and footsteps light,
Let 's rush our spirits through the night,
The day to cheat, again to meet,
In the Deux Temps gayfully !

C. C. F.

TWILIGHT SONG

When the days are long, love,
Bright for you and me,
And all the hope-ships of the heart
Seem sailing in from sea ;
When you and I at even go
A-down the dewy dell,
I 've a question I would ask,
Who but you can tell ?

When the deep brown eyes, love,
Are softly raised to mine,
And all the silent love untold
Bespeaks my heart in thine ;
When love-songs woo faint harmony,
Like chime of far-off bell,
I 've a question I would ask,
Who but you can tell ?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When the clouds are gray, love,
And all the world is drear ;
When western hills are cold and brown,
And every flower is sere ;
Wilt thou still be true, love,
Smiling Fate or fell ?
'T is the question I would ask,
Who but you can tell ?

ROBERT L. MUNGER

IN THE LAND OF THE HEATHEN CHINEE

Oh, little Ah Sid
Was a Chinee kid,
As naughty, alas, as could be,
And his sister so fair,
With the *curlique* hair,
Was wooed by the dashing Wah Lee.

Now, one summer night,
With his beautiful sprite,
Young Wah 'neath the bamboo trees sat,
And swore of his love
By the bright stars above,
And the foot of the sacred rat.

But the wicked Ah Sid,
In the shrubbery hid,
Their pig-tails together soon tied ;
Alas, and oh my,
The stern father drew nigh,
And in anger the couple espied.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Then they jumped to their feet,
And they tried to retreat,
But tight were their ques, ah me —
Oh, suffice it to say
All life is not play
In the land of the heathen Chinee.

A. H. B.

BESSIE ALLAIR

O Bessie Allair, do you never think now
Of the days when we thought not of care,
Of the little brown house on the hill's lofty brow
When still you were Bessie Allair?
You lived just over the way, I recall, —
Is the house there, I wonder, to-day? —
Oft I watched for the glance that I treasured o'er all
From the maiden from over the way.

I'd steal in the morning when wakened from sleep
Out to see if the day promised fair;
Then oft I would see through the closed shutters peep
The blue eyes of Bessie Allair.
The daisies have oft with their beautiful tide
Overflooded the fields since the day
When first your blue eyes charmed me close to your side,
Sweet maiden from over the way.

My heart's fondest whispers a long time I hushed,
And I dared not my passion declare,
Till I saw how one day at my coming you blushed,
My blue-eyed, sweet Bessie Allair.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Your blushes foretold me of Cupid's approach,
As the dawn marks the coming of day,
And I knew that my ardor would meet no reproach
From the maiden from over the way.

As you sit by my side in the firelight's glow,
And your face is lit up by the flare,
The years of a sudden seem backward to flow,
And again you are Bessie Allair.
Your hair, that was gold as the heavens are when
The sun sets in summer, is gray,
But you are to me now, as you were to me then,
Just the maiden from over the way.

CHARLES CAPRON MARSH

MASTER FRANCOIS SINGS

A girl on my knee, a glass at my side,
A lute to strum and a horse to ride,
What can a man want more ?
To lounge in the warm sun all day long,
With jest and kiss and snatch of a song,
To squander Youth's sweet store !

Oh ! that is the life that seems best to me ;
Let Fortune frown, but a shrew is she,
And life a dream that flies.
But ho ! for the reign of the Provence rose,
And court-yards drifted with almond snows,
And Fleurette's laughing eyes.

ARTHUR KETCHUM

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK

It may seem a trifle foolish to the ones who have not
known
The fellowship of college life — the friendships that have
grown
And clustered round those gloomy halls with all their dirt
and noise,
In short, the dire unfortunates who are not college boys —
That ever muse should prompt a song as I am now to
sing —
That ever heart should feel a thrill — that ever pulse
should ring
In exultant adoration of a gleaming railroad track,
But, 't is true, I can assure you, when the boys come back.

For is it not the trusty way that bears the precious freight
Of loyal hearts, and sturdy limbs, and pond'rous mental
weight?
The rushing locomotive that has sped them through the
night
Has felt the care entrusted, and it shrieks in mad delight
Till it panting stands beside us all forgotten in the crowd
Of happy, dusty pilgrims that surround us as a cloud —
Oh, the hand-shakes, and the heart-shakes, and the words
we always lack
To express the joyous welcome, when the boys come back.

We have waited through the quiet of the long vacation
day,
Till a pall has settled o'er us that we cannot drive away.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

We have watched the lonely campus in the shadows of
the night,
When the buildings empty, silent, stand without a single
light,
Till the solitude seemed peopled with a singing, jovial
crew —
We hear the songs and see again the faces that we knew —
We weave a pleasant fancy from the shadows deep and
black
Of the good times that are coming, when the boys come
back.

And the day-dreams we have cherished of the honor we
shall share
With beloved *alma mater* when we leave her tender care —
May the fact exceed the fancy of the striving manly heart,
Though the hills and seas divide us — and returnings far
apart,
If beaten back or driven by the hand of adverse fate
We struggle on the dusty way to reach the longed-for
gate,
As we lie down here together drop a tear upon our pack
For the ones that are not with us, when the boys come
back.

CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

THE SENIOR

In his stately cap and gown,
With severe, scholastic frown,
See him stand!
He is taking his degree,
No one quite so great as he
In the land.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Up the platform steps he goes,
Hears the quaint old Latin prose,
 Monstrous words !
Large and curious grow his eyes,
While the Ph.D's. look wise,
 Queer old birds !

When the swelling tones subside,
Then they give him, ribbon-tied,
 His degree.
He who came untitled, plain,
Leaves the somber stage again,
 An A.B.

With his sheepskin for a sail
He must drive before life's gale,
 Sink or swim !
Will he reach good harbor, pray ?
Quien sabe ? Who can say ?
 Luck to him !

J. W. L.

WINGS

Be thou a bird, my soul, and mount and soar
 Out of thy wilderness,
 Till earth grow less and less,
Heaven, more and more.

Be thou a bird, and mount and soar and sing,
 Till all the air shall be
 Vibrant with ecstasy
Beneath thy wing.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Be thou a bird, thy haunt the boundless sky ;
Cleave thou the cloudy rack
Till thy unbeaten track
In sunshine lie.

Be thou a bird, and trust, the autumn come,
That through the pathless air
Thou shalt find elsewhere,
Unerring, home.

ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD

SONG

Life's glad morning holds a treasure,
Golden hours that quickly pass ;
Drink the purple wine of pleasure, —
Friendship lifts the brimming glass.
There 'll be time enough hereafter
For dull learning's dusty lore ;
Now for revel, song and laughter, —
Youth departed, comes no more.

Let the gray-beard prate of duty,
The sick saint repent and pray ;
Having lost life's bloom and beauty,
Well for them cold Reason's sway.
Ere the blind old Furies track us,
While with joy our pulses thrill,
Fellows, here 's to tipsy Bacchus ; —
Bring to-morrow what it will.

KENT DUNLAP

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

SWEET VALENTINE

Here's to thy health, sweet Valentine,
Here's to thine eyes of blue ;
Filled is my glass with ruddy wine,
Here's to thy health, sweet Valentine,
Ever be blithe as clust'ring vine,
Nevermore sigh nor rue.
Here's to thy health, sweet Valentine,
Here's to thine eyes of blue.

D. H. V.

Whither art thou drifting, drifting,
Harbor light ?
With thy gleam forever shifting,
Now dim, now bright.
Is it to some land of dreaming
Where thy light forever gleaming
Gives to dreamers peace and joy,
Harbor light ?
Drifting, shifting, shifting, drifting,
In the night.
Little light, then take me with thee
Thro' the night,
To the land where sweet dreams lure me,
Fair and bright,
Where these dreams of mine may tarry,
And not vanish, but may bring me
All this peace and all this joy,
Harbor light,
Fading, glowing, glowing, fading,
In the night.

ELEANOR KIMBALL

IN COLLEGE DAYS

MUSIC

THE WIND AND THE HARP AND THE GREEN FIR TREES

The whirr of the wind through the green fir trees,
The sweep of the blast o'er the brown dry leas,
Make a sound as low and plaintive and sweet
As the wind and the harp when they chance to meet.

The wind and the harp sing e'er to heaven ;
The wind and the trees to the Seas that are Seven,
The wind and the harp and the green fir trees
Sing one song for the earth and the Seven Seas.

Heaven and earth and the Seven Seas,
Yes, e'en the stubble on yon brown leas,
Keep silent awhile till the tremulous song
Has swept thro' their souls a quivering throng.

The wind and the harp and the green fir trees
Are singing now to the Seven Seas ;
But the answering song, as it quivers and sings,
Tells of waves and shores and of many things.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS

IN LOTUS LAND

There's a wonderful isle in a far-away sea
Where the soft, scented breezes blow lazily free.
The kingly palm tree rears its sinewy stem,
Its tall branches crowned with a green diadem.
A soft golden haze
Fills the long sun-lit days,

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

And sweet-scented zephyr in idleness plays.

Mystic and bright

A magical light

Pervades the soft shades of the warm tropic night,

The sea's constant murmur is low on the strand,

And sweet the birds sing in the magical land.

There are fruits that hang low on the wide-spreading trees,

And crystal streams hurrying on to the seas.

Sweet-scented flowers breathe on the air,

Whose colors are matchless and odors are rare.

With glances bright

Of silvery light

The glorious stars deck the short moonlit night.

Under the sheen

Of the moonlight's gleam

The nymphs of the murmuring brooklets are seen,

And their song of enchantment falls sweet on the ear,

Eat once of our lotus, and dwell with us here.

For a mystical charm has this island so fair,

To taste of her fruits bringeth surcease of care ;

To drink from her brooks is to quaff Lethe's stream,

And memories of homeland dissolve as a dream.

Wonderful isle !

O for a while

To steal to thy shores when our sorrows beguile ;

There at the brink

Of thy fountains to drink,

And never of homeland and trouble to think ;

To list 'neath thy trees to the sea's murmur bland

And spend all our days in this fair Lotus-land !

V. S. MILLIKEN

IN COLLEGE DAYS

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION

HE (*aside*)

I feigned indifference, felt despair !
Oh, does she know, I wonder ?
I knew her foot upon the stair,
I feigned indifference, felt despair !
I would her heart had heard my prayer,
When I looked up with chilly stare ;
I feigned indifference, felt despair !
Oh, does she know, I wonder ?

SHE (*aside*)

He will forgive that word of mine —
I'm sure I did not mean it ;
If I can read the tender sign,
He will forgive that word of mine.
"Forgive, forget" — you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it ?
He will forgive that word of mine —
I'm sure I did not mean it.

BOTH (*a few minutes later*)

If love be true, a quarrel's naught —
Where is the impropriety ?
Though hearts with anger oft be fraught,
If love be true, a quarrel's naught,
Nor is it wrong the world has thought,
It only adds variety.
If love be true, a quarrel's naught —
Where is the impropriety ?

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

DRINKING SONG

Drink! drink! Your glasses clink,
And banish wan-eyed sorrow.
Drink! drink! For who can tell
What cometh on the morrow?

Laugh! laugh! Your tankards quaff,
Let mirth and jest be flying.
The gayest 'round the board to-night
To-morrow may be dying.

Sing! sing! The cadence swing,
And set the echoes flinging.
The bells that merrily peal to-night
A dirge may soon be ringing.

Love! love! Above all love
Let beauty's eyes be smiling;
Thus for to-night you may defy
To-morrow's false beguiling.

Sing! drink! Your glasses clink,
And banish pale-eyed sorrow.
Laugh to-night, for who can tell
What cometh on the morrow?

SONG OF THE SAILOR LAD

Last week, as we rounded the headland
And sighted the spires of home,
A shout arose from the sailors' throats
While the ship sped over the foam.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Ah, sweet was the sound of the church-bells,
And sweet was the meadow air,
For a life that is safe and a home that is dear
And the love of a maid were there.

But this morning the breeze is to seaward,
And the schooner rides in the bay,
And the long, long waves sing the old, wild tune,
And joy 's in the heart o' the spray.

Oh, my heart draws out with the ebb-tide,
And I long for the stormy main,
And the struggle that calls for the strength of a man,
And the song in the rigging again.

Then hey! for the life of a sailor,
And a heart that is happy and free ;
For my home is abroad on the boundless deep,
And my love is the rolling sea.

WALTER A. DYER

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW

When life is bright and we're far away
From the old love, dear, for many a day,
Our hearts may yield to the fair young face,
To the new love, petite, with her winning grace ;
But when the days grow cold and sad,
And harsh constraint may bend our will,
Our hearts will swell,
As we feel full well,
'T is the old love that is dearer still.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

When sad misfortune comes too near,
And friendships loosen and griefs appear,
The new love passes with proud disdain.
Ah, Sympathy! Where is thy soothing then?
'T is then we remember the old love, dear.
To ever be true shall be our will.

 In the days gone by,
 For now and aye,
'T is the old love that is dearer still.

ROBERT L. MUNGER

A NOCTURNE

Come, little breezes, and blow me a song,
 Blow while the dusk is falling;
Rustle the treetops and carry along
 The echo of robin's sweet calling.

Up among the forest of leaves,
 Twitter and flutter and humming;
Baby bird sobs and gurgles and grieves,
 Just when the night-time is coming.

Far, far above, in the deep, vasty blue,
 Star clusters smilingly twinkle;
Under the shadow of willow and yew
 Rivulets ripple and tinkle.

Dewdrops that cling to the greenness till dawn,
 Wakened, in starlight are flashing;
Roll, and are lost in the spears of the lawn,—
 Tears; but you smile while they're passing.

ROSE ALDEN

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE PLEDGE

You lift a great goblet of gold, lad,
Brim-filled with a wan sunset wine ;
When the long night has grown gray and old, lad,
You pledge for your true heart to mine.
But give me the stroke of your hand, lad,
From your light life and strong heart and true,
For a rogue is the knave of the land, lad,
That 's false to his hand and to you.
For the wine is old and bright the gold,
But the pledge of the hand is true.

You say you love me well, lass,
Of the queenly heart and head ;
And your woman's truth you 'd tell, lass,
With your lip's warm, trembling red.
But let me hold you but so, lass,
With those eyes so brave and true,
And gaze where whole heart faiths glow, lass,
And all that was me glows too.
For the lips are sweet, and the kiss is meet,
But a woman's eyes are true.

SONG

The fisherman sings at work on his weir —
"Sweetheart, sweetheart mine !"
As the morning dawns so soft and clear,
And the fish come in with the flooding tide
From the ocean's waters deep and wide —
"Sweetheart, sweetheart mine !"

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

He sings at noon as he draws his net —
 “Sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”
Alone in his dory drenched with wet
From the fish that splash with many a leap
To regain their freedom in the deep —
 “Sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”

When the twilight comes he sings this song —
 “Sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”
As slowly homeward he rows along,
And the oarlocks click in a rough sea rhyme,
With the song he’s singing all the time —
 “Sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”

And as the fisher sings throughout the day —
 “Sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”
So of you I sing while life shall stay,
In war or panic, and near or far,
Because in your eyes I know you are
 “ My sweetheart, sweetheart mine!”

G. E. WING, JR.

IN MEMORY

There lies before me as I write,
With the black mask I wore last night,
A duplicate of creamy white,
 A lady’s mask.

When erst it hid from me her face,
Except one ringlet’s tempting grace
That stole across the frame of lace,
 I cursed the mask.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

To-day it does not hide from me
Her charms as then, but fantasy
Shows what before I could not see,
 Behind the mask.

Her sparkling eyes, her cheek's bright glow,
Her graceful throat of carven snow,
Her smile, her glance, once more I know
 I love — the mask.

ON GLASGOW QUAY

There was once a wee, wee laddie
In a city over the sea,
 And many a day
 He wandered away
Till he came where the great ships be ;
Till he came to the Glasgow quay.

Then marveled this wee, wee laddie
At men from a far countrie,
 At faces yellow and faces brown,
 And spicy odors wafted down
From the towering ships of the sea ;
From the ships at the Glasgow quay.

Very poor was my wee, wee laddie,
A weaver's lad was he,
 Yet much had he read
 Of the strange lands spread
Far away o'er the white-capped sea ;
Far away from the Glasgow quay.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

And he dreamed, this wee, wee laddie,
While the looms clattered busily,
 Of far-off isles in the seas of calm,
 Of dusky men 'neath the lofty palm,
Of cities and temples where strange gods be ;
Far away from the Glasgow quay.

Ah, dear little dreaming laddie
In the city over the sea,
 In all your dreams on the banks of Clyde
 Was there never a dream of this summer tide,
Of the moonlit sands where one walks with me,
Far away, far away from the Glasgow quay ?

GRACE E. PALMER

TO JULIA

The breezes laugh about her,
The blue-birds tune their song ;
And where she goes the fragrance
 Of violets hovers long.
The lilies bend their stately heads
To come to her more nigh ;
The gallants gaze in rapt amaze
When Julia passes by.

Ah, dainty, winsome Julia !
I know not how nor when,
But somehow with her graces
She snares the hearts of men.
She knows not nor regards me,
Yet heaven seems more nigh,
The day more bright, my heart more light,
When Julia passes by.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

WHEN YOU FIRST LEAVE HOME

Say, do you ever feel all choked up in your throat,
That you try so hard to hide for fear some one will know
it;

And you turn away right quick, 'cause you think the tears
'll come,

When you first leave home?

Do you ever turn around to see the trees once more
That have grown up just as you did, out beside the door;
Do the meadows seem to blur, through which you used to
roam,

When you first leave home?

The old, familiar landscape, with the mountains far away,
Seem changed from vivid blue and green to misty,
muddled gray;

And a blur within your eyes obscures the sky's blue dome,
When you first leave home.

And you look around once more to the row of springing
flowers;

To the garden and the fields where you spent such happy
hours;

And old Rover whines beside you, 'cause you will not with
him come,

When you first leave home.

The folks are all around you — you know not how to say
Those last, sad farewell words before you go away:

All are silent, for it seems as if the words can't come,
When you first leave home.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

There's your brother and your sister upon your left and
right,
And your father with his locks fast getting tinged with
white,
Takes one last look and bites his lips for fear some sound
will come,
When you first leave home.

And your mother reaches up with both arms round your
neck,
And looks straight up into your eyes as if her heart might
break:
Then the hot tears, quick, unbidden, to your eyes and to
her's come,
When you first leave home.

JOE M'SPADDEN

MY CILLY

Sun, you need n' shine no moh;
I don' need you light.
Moon, you ain' a can'le, doh
You lookin' berry bright.
Stars, you kin go to sleep
Up dyah in de skies, —
Dyah 's light enough down heah for me
In my Cilly's eyes.

Birds, you singin' mighty sweet;
I don' heah you song;
Would n', doh you could repeat
Thousan' times moh strong.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Meddah stream, you bettah stop,
(Sholey ain' much choice !)
'S nuttin' in de wull soun's lak
Li '1' Cilly's voice.

You daisies in de meddah,
You vi 'lets in de wood,
I s 'pose you wun'ah wheddah
Dyah 's anythin' as good
As you in dis whole wull !
I know you mighty gay an' neat ;
But, den, my wil'-rose Cilly —
She 's a million times moh sweet !

RICHARD RAY KIRK

HYMN

AIR — *Louvan*

O Alma Mater, may thy name
Forever be so glorified
That strangers marvel at thy fame,
And we, thy children, fill with pride.

May all thy sons learn well to prize
Pure faith and manly brotherhood,
Remembering he alone is wise
Who has the wisdom to be good.

May that celestial peace enfold
Thy daughters to its careful breast
Which gilds the night and morn with gold
And comes to happy hearts at rest.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

May all thy children come to find,
Howe'er the tides of fortune flow,
Their highest bliss is being kind,
Their deepest pain is others' woe.

EDWIN L. MILLER

CORAM PORTA

If Life be all, give me Life, —
All the long, languid years
That bring but sorrow and tears,
Murmurs and wars and strife, —
These are not all, sweetheart!
All life can but depart,
Mingled of hopes and fears;
Yet if Life be all, give me Life.

If Truth be all, give me Truth, —
For Truth makes sorrow to cease,
And fashions war into peace,
And despair and death into youth;
Yet this is all, sweetheart!
And though Truth will not depart,
Her lips are too cold to kiss;
Yet if Truth be all, give me Truth.

If Joy be all, give me Joy, —
Maid of the soft, sweet Spring,
And living with birds that sing,
And the first love of a boy,
As that of a butterfly,
For the far deep of the sky, —
A mad, wild, tameless thing, —
Yet if Joy be all, give me Joy.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

If Love be all, give me Love, —
All the great way to the West,
Where the sunset sinks to rest
Into some low, white cove,
Rose-flushed with fire thereof,
Is written in words of flame,
Only this mystic Name —
All things in me are blest ;
Ah ! if Love be all, give me Love !

RUSSELL MACDOWELL

WHEN PRUDENCE SPINS

When Prudence spins the whirring wheel,
With dreamy cadence, seems to steal
Into my heart and nestle there ;
To drive away all thought of care,
It sings of loving hands that mate,
Of loving lips that trembling wait.
In web of flax she weaves my fate,
When Prudence spins.

The ruddy glow of the firelight lies
With a softened glint in her tender eyes ;
Her foot on the treadle seems to rest
As light as foam on the ocean's breast.
Then I close my eyes and in fancy feel
That I hear the bells for our wedding peal,
And it tunes my heart to the song of the wheel,
When Prudence spins.

CHARLES F. ENSIGN

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE HEROES OF THE MAINE

Ye men of the *Maine*, now lying
Where the ocean breezes blow,
In that cursèd harbor dying
At the hand of a hidden foe.

Though you struck no blow before you,
Though your bright swords showed no stain,
This word shall be graven o'er you:
"They did not die in vain."

The message for which you listen
Our cannon shall put in words,
And tears for you shall glisten
In the light of circling swords.

The memory of your anguish
A rescued race shall keep,
And their gratitude forever
Shall sweeten your endless sleep.

Your monument all glorious
A nation new shall stand,
In Freedom robed, victorious,
With Justice's sword in hand.

And at her feet in fragments
The tyrant's broken chain.
God rest you, murdered sailors,
You did not die in vain!

WELLINGTON ESTY AIKEN

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A HEPTAPODIC ROMANCE

She was a college graduate, a modest little maid,
Appearing at her first great ball, in simple white arrayed ;
So blissfully unconscious of the whispers all around,
Which spread her reputation for a learning quite profound.
In awe-struck tones they told of how she had been taught
to speak

In French, Italian, German, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek ;
So in the ball-room corner all alone she sat in state,
For the young men fled in terror from the college graduate.

He was a nice young fellow, with a homely, honest face,
Who claimed to dance, though not, in truth, a paragon of
grace ;

Who was too gallant to idly hang about the ball-room door
If only half the ladies there were waltzing on the floor.

But he was not yet an adept in the art of being bright,
And he had a knack of saying just the thing that was not right ;
So the belles he had engaged to dance were not disposed
to wait,

And he found his only partner was the college graduate.

They might have talked of Plato, and the work which he
began,

Or discussed the evolution of the animal called man ;
They might have joined in M. Aurelius Antoninus' praise,
Or labored through some other topic known to student days ;
But though these highly interesting subjects were not tried,
And not a wise or witty thing was said on either side,
Yet often since that evening he has blessed the kindly fate
Through which his only partner was the college graduate.

C. E. G.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

IN THE FALL

In the Fall, when the oak-leaves are falling,
And filling with glory the earth,
And the crisp Autumn breezes are calling .
The tree-tops to join in their mirth,
The heart is as gay as the blue-birds in May
As it lists to the cricket's shrill call,
And the forest's ablaze in these halcyon days
In the Fall.

In the Fall, when the robins are singing,
And the doves bow and coo to their dames,
And the lark on the tree-top is swinging,
Where the maple leaves all are in flames ;
When all skies are blue and all hearts are true,
And the sun warmly smiles over all,
The heart must be glad, for it cannot be sad,
In the Fall.

WALTER A. DYER

THE LAND OF SONG

Into the Land of Song, my boys,
Into the Land of Song !
Let us hurry away at the break of day
When youth's fond dreams are strong.
We must not wait till the sunset's gate
Swings wide for the dismal night,
But join with the band for the music land
When the morning rises bright !

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Into the Land of Song, my boys,
Where the balmy breezes blow ;
Where all is a-wing with a rhythmic swing
Or a cadence soft and slow.
For what was the earth ere the minstrel's birth
Brought music and song to men ?
So hurry along to the Land of Song
Where the minstrel sings again.

There is plenty of grief and woe, my boys,
Ere the day lies down to rest ;
But there's naught but cheer for the youth's short
year
With a love-song in his breast,
For the song-land teems with love and dreams,
And its spells are deep and strong ;
So — into the Land of Song, my boys,
Into the Land of Song !

DWIGHT WILLISON MARVIN

"GOOD-BY, WINTER, GOOD-BY"

From out the thicket a bird voice rang,
" Good-by, Winter,
Good-by, good-by ! "
So hopeful and clear was the song it sang
That the low grass fluttered its few green spears,
And the budding maple forgot its fears,
And the timid wind breathed a low reply
" Good-by, Winter,
Good-by ! "

S. C. U.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

MOONLIGHT ON THE CAMPUS

WINTER

A broad expanse of moonlit, mantling snow,
Majestic elms, beneath whose stately row
Weirdly the shadows waver to and fro ;
Historic halls, where youth and learning meet,
Whence sounds of revelry the ear will greet,
For youth makes wintry nights fly swift and fleet.

SPRING

Softly whispers the evening breeze,
Stirring the leaves of the spreading trees,
Peace in its soft caresses bringing ;
The rich, sweet blend of a college song,
Chanted in chorus deep and strong,
Across the broad greensward ringing.
The twinkling lights like stars aglow,
The murmur of insects soft and low.

A moonlit night

And the world seems bright,
For youth is all laughter and singing.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE

A SAILOR SONG

A good stout ship and a straining sail ;
Yo ho, my laddies, ho !
A spanking breeze that will not fail,
And a brave, true heart for every gale
That out on the sea may rage or wail ;
Yo, ho, my laddies, ho !

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A rolling swell and a dash o' the spray;
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!
With the sunlight glancing all the day
On the blue waves dancing out in the bay
To the cheery chirp of the Jack-tar's lay;
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!

A slippery deck and a bending mast;
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!
And a foaming wake that follows fast,
With Æolus blowing a jolly blast,
And the land in the lee and all dangers past;
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!

A. M. J.

THE PROGRAMME

When the night is fine,
And the moon doth shine,
And the stars are a-twinkle in the sky,—
Then we fare forth
From south and north,
With a pillow or two,
And a girl — like you —
And a mandolin or an old banjo. I

(Sing)

*Drift slowly, my boat, drift
Down the stream.
Life — it is sweet
Just to dream
Here at her feet,
Drift, my boat, drift.*

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

When the year is old,
And the nights are cold,
And the snow on the ground doth lie,—
Then, lo, straightway,
A bright array
Of lads to the skating hie—
With a good right arm
To shield from harm
A sweetheart true, a girl— like you. I
(Sing)

*Ring merrily, my skates, ring
As you glide.
Life is so gay
Here at her side
Skating away.
Ring, my skates, ring.*

When cold comes cool,
'T is college rule—
And to break it one may die—
That you shall walk
For a chummy talk,
By the light from the skies,
Or the light in her eyes,
With a pretty girl on the boulevard. I
(Sing)

*Shine tenderly, pretty moon, shine
Down on us twain.
Life — it is peace.
Once again
All sorrows cease.
Shine, pretty moon, shine.*

RICHARD RAY KIRK

IN COLLEGE DAYS

DELLA ROBBIA

'T is said that Love lay dying by the sea,
Just as the red sun sank into the West,
With his white arms folded upon his breast,
And his blue eyes toward Eternity.

And that there came an Artist thro' that land
Who found Love, and who kissed him in his death,
And drew into his own soul the last breath
That Love breathed lying there upon the sand.

And that he took the body, white and fair,
And set it where the world might look and die,
Jealous of beauty in divinity,
That in its glory was perfected there.

And lo! this is that beauty of Love's soul
Linked to Love's body, which in that sweet hour
The Artist found, and whose divinest power
Made his renown through all the ages roll!

HENRY HUNTER WELSH

FRESHMAN JOYS

"What are those gongs a-ringin' for?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"To sound your doom, to sound your doom," the evil Sophomore said.

"What makes me look so greenish pale?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"You 're dreadin' what you've got to face," the evil Sophomore said.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

For they 're doin' Math, in Number 6, you can hear the
crayon fly,
A Freshman class is gathered there to do and then to die.
Hark! Listen to those Hero-souls as they in anguish sigh,
While they're doin' Mathematics in the mornin'.

"What makes the wind so blusterin' cold?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"To chill your bone, to chill your bone," the evil Sophomore said.

"Why does the rain pour down in sheets?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"Death grins at you, death grins at you," the evil Sophomore said.

For they 're takin' deadly rambles thro' the pine walk's
ghostly row,
An' a-catchin' quick consumption from a-sittin' on the snow,
In describin' all phenomena in Heav'n and earth below.
They 're the Freshmen writin' essays by the thousand.

"What makes my blood run cold and thick?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"'T is visions of the skeleton," the evil Sophomore said.

"What is that 'orror 'angin' there?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"A 'ollow skull, a 'ollow skull," the evil Sophomore said.

For they 're hearin' of a lecture on the grapy, ramose gland,
On epithelium properties, white fibrous tissue, and
The intercellular substance Herr Virchow's theory planned
To incarcerate the Freshmen in his bloom'n' little cell.

E. R. M.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

From out of my window at close of day
I saw in the glow of the setting sun
Two feathered things in russet and gray
A-wing for the southlands, far away,
Flying slow o'er the uplands dun ;
And the god of day, like Midas of old,
Touched their flying forms and they turned to gold.

And I thought as I watched them fade from sight,
In the west on the far horizon's rim,
That something, long-cherished, pure and bright,
Had gone with them on their wings of light,
And left all dark and dim ;
But I knew that the sound of the summer rain
Would call them back to the North again.

And our hopes fly away in the sunset glow
Like the birds in the autumn haze ;
The dearest and brightest, alike they go,
And why it is we may not know,
But we trust that in better days,
In a fairer light and a softer air,
They 'll return fulfilled, sometime, somewhere.

LEON ERNEST DANIELS

MARGERY

Where once thy footstep strays
Naught is the same ;
All the dim forest ways
Ring with thy name.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Halls that thy presence filled
Cannot forget ;
Hearts that thy songs have thrilled
Echo them yet.

HENRY RUTGERS CONGER

SONG — THE LOVER AND THE WIND

O winds, that sob and mourn and roar
Through the forest drear on the lake's bleak shore,
Can you give me back my true-love ?
They have heaped her grave in a grassy mound,
And the cold hard clods have clasped her round ;
But never again my heart will bound
Till I press the lips of my true-love.

Tell me, when violets come again,
And the leaves are wet by the gentle rain,
When shall I see my true-love ?
When the lake smiles back at the starry sky,
Shall we meet to wander its waters nigh ?
Shall it ever be mine to stop the sigh
That springs to the lips of my true-love ?

*Summers will come and summers go
And winters heap with driven snow
The grave of thy pretty true-love.
The stars will glitter upon the lake,
And against its cliffs will the sunlight break ;
But never again shall lover take
A kiss from the lips of thy true-love.*

CLARENCE S. HARPER

IN COLLEGE DAYS

WINE

In a cup of golden wine
Pledge we friendship— mine and thine;
Wine — the soul of youthful days,
Golden wine — for poet's lays.
Place a slender hand in mine,
While we friendship pledge in wine.

In a cup of golden wine
Pledge we friendship — mine and thine;
Rare old wine, a century old,
Costlier than its cup of gold.
Grasp thy manly hand with mine,
While we friendship pledge in wine.

In a cup of golden wine
Pledge we friendship — mine and thine;
Fast though sunlight fades away,
Wine will light the end of day.
Hold thy trembling hand in mine,
While we friendship pledge in wine.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

A WATER-LILY

One soft May night a wandering star bent down
And kissed its image in the gloomy lake,
And with the morn there rose a golden crown,
Pearl-strewn with dewdrops for the lost star's sake.

WALTER D. MAKEPEACE

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

YULE-TIDE

Heigh-ho ! for the song of the holly,
And the starlight on the snow ;
For the merry ring of the sleigh bells,
And the cheery yule log's glow !

Heigh-ho ! for the song of the Christmas,
With the frosty winds that blow ;
For the joyous ring of laughter,
And the green of the mistletoe !

A LULLABY TO KITTY

Purr low, purr-r-r low,
Curl up your sweet little tail, dear,
And shut tight your lovely green eyes.
I'll sing a lullaby low, dear,
By the light of the fireflies.
Purr low, purr low,
Away to the land where pussy dreams grow.

Purr low, purr-r-r low,
Hear the soft sounds in the dark, dear,
On your way to the dream-land shore,
The whisk of waving mouse tails, dear,
The scratch of their feet on the floor.
Purr low, purr low,
It's easy to catch them, they're moving so slow.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Purr low, purr-r-r low,
Open your eyes just a crack, dear,
By the dream-light yellow and pale
See shadows of swinging spools, dear,
No need now to play with your tail.

Purr low, purr low,
And soft laps to cuddle in all in a row.

Purr low, purr low,
You can purr and dream too, dear pussy, you know.

B. B. R.

THE HUNT: MORNING AND EVENING

The stable-yard's ablaze with coats,
Bright scarlet 'neath the sun ;
The dapple-gray's impatient neigh
Is answered by the dun.

The hounds are straining at the lash,
The hunting horn rings gay.
Ho, tapster, — up ! My stirrup-cup !
We ride afield to-day !

The flaming ribbons of the hearth
Light up the blackened floor,
A merry din resounds within
That shames the tempest's roar.

Ho, for a seat beside the board,
And tankard's brave array,
Where age may toast and youth may boast
The deeds afield to-day.

E. LYTTLETON FOX

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A SLUMBER SONG

You with the dark and weary eyes,
Weary of love and sacrifice,

Come with me over the waters pale
In my small gray boat with the slender sail.

Into the twilight we shall steal,
And the little gray waves along our keel

Shall sing you a slumber song of the sea,
Where sleep endureth unendingly.

The gray Sea Spirits, in tender wise,
Shall lay cool hands upon your eyes.

In their arms of mist you shall fall asleep,
And sea dreams into your soul shall creep.

And none shall know — but on the shore
The old gray willows, bent and hoar,

Shall shiver and sigh to themselves next day,
Leaning out over the sea away.

MARY HALE JONES

MARGARET

When she came to us all this earth
Seemed steeped in Spring-time bliss,
May donned a garb of flowers and mirth,
And April left a sunny kiss
To greet her when she came.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

The flowers seemed fairer where she walked,
And when the song birds heard
Her rippling laughter, light as air,
They sang sweet songs, that ne'er had stirred
Our hearts until she came.

Her speech was music, and her heart
Was pure as morning dew ;
Her very footfall on the stair
Made melody. We never knew
Such peace until she came.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS

EVENING ON THE CAMPUS

Behind a screen of western hills
The sunset color fades to night ;
Along the arching corridors
Long shadows steal with footsteps light.
The banners of the day are furled :
Thro' darkening space the twilight creeps
And smooths the forehead of the world
Until he sleeps.

The oak-trees closer draw their hoods ;
A bird, belated, wings his dim,
Uncertain flight, and far above
A star looks down and laughs at him ;
The sky and mountains melt in one ;
Tall gum-trees range their ranks around ;
The white walk marks its length upon
The velvet ground.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

From out the dusk the chimney points,
Like guiding finger to the skies ;
Down drops the curtain of the night,
And all the plain in darkness lies,
When as the college buildings seem
To lose their form in shapeless mass,
The lights shine out as poppies gleam
Amid the grass.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

THE CHEERFUL SPIRIT

When sunshine glints through autumn trees
Where brown leaves are turning,
And summer in a glory dies,
And memory bringeth yearning,
Then for gloomy days to come
Be not thoughtful, mind you,
If Despair once seek you out,
He will often find you.

*Bleak Despair and vain Regret
Dress gay-colored never ;
He whose heart is near them set
Is a fool forever.*

Maids are strangely woebegone ;
Swains that once were jolly
Think of vanished summertime
In a melancholy.
Hearts that loved the meadow dew,
Or a moon-lit evening,
Brood at icy winter near,
Disconsolately grieving.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Shameful is a surliness,
Though brown be on the heather,
My shrine is not the fickle sky,
My love is not the weather ;
And if Cynthia sits near me,
Snug before the stove, sir,
All the winds of Æolus
Can 't bother me, by Jove, sir.

*Bleak Despair and vain Regret
Dress gay-colored never ;
He whose heart is near them set
Is a fool forever.*

ROBERT L. MUNGER

THE CLOISTRESS

To solemn worship in the templed skies,
Behold ! she comes at twilight's dreamy close,
The cloistress Dusk, within her hair the rose
Tints of the cloud-drifts, in her wistful eyes
A light that speaks of pity, tears and sighs.
Her wind-touched hair, that o'er her shoulder flows,
Has caught the sunset gold which fainter grows
As all the glory of the sunlight dies.

In purple priesthood's sombre state Night stands,
A lonely spectre in the darkening gloom.
He beckons her to cross the shadow lands,
And waves his drowsy wand of lotus bloom.
His voice of beauty calls her o'er the deep, —
She goes, and in Night's arms Dusk falls asleep.

FLOYD W. JEFFERSON

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A BOHEMIAN DRINKING SONG

Here's to the world for a dwelling !
Here's to the sky for a roof !
Here's to the trees with their murmuring breeze
And the nymphs their love-tale telling !

Drink to the life of Bohemia,
Drink to the life of the free !
Pity the slave in Society's wave,
And drink this toast with me !—

The sky above, the earth beneath,
The grass for a downy couch ;
Or the smoky air of an artist's lair,
A glass in your hand, a pipe in your teeth.

Drink to the life of Bohemia,
Drink to the life of the free !
Strike off the chain of Society's reign,
And come away with me !

T. T. H.

THE COTILLION

It was just for a moment I met him
In the German's inconsequent maze,
But 't will take me, I think, to forget him,
A number of overworked days.
So daintily powdered and painted,
So sweetly bejewelled and patched !
It seems we were slightly acquainted,
A pleasure unmatched.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

He bowed for an instant before me,
Delightfully piquant and gay ;
He even professed to adore me,
And then he was hurried away.
Away, with a gleam and a glitter,
And no one has looked on him since !
He vanished ! What fate could be fitter
A porcelain prince ?

Alas, nevermore shall I meet him !
He fled to a country of dreams,
Where Marlowe and Beverly greet him,
And Surface ; quite hopeless it seems !
For how shall I hope to discover,
'Mid feminine laughter and wiles,
My dear little courteous lover,
His voice and his smiles. E. T. D.

FRESHIE

I went into a college town, Commencement week to spend !
Before I 'd been there long I 'd made of every man a friend ;
The president was very kind, he wanted me to stay :
The faculty were mild as milk. How could I turn away ?
O it's Mr. this and Mr. that, and " Don't go, 't isn't
late ;"
But it's " You've lost all your wits, sir," when you
once matriculate.
You once matriculate, my boy, you once matriculate ;
O it's " You've lost all your wits, Sir," when you once
matriculate.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

I visited the fellows of the class just next ahead ;
I could n't tell you half of all the pleasant things they said ;
They bowed to me and walked with me and treated me —
in June ;

But when I came back in the fall they slightly changed
their tune.

For it's Mr. this and Mr. that, "By Jove: you take
the bun " ;

But it's " Freshie, O how green you are," when col-
lege has begun, etc.

I went into a chapter house to see the fellows there ;
They came down to the parlor and entertained for fair ;
They begged to hear about my home, my cousins and my
aunts,

And listened most attentively. I thought I owned the
ranch.

And it's Mr. this and Mr. that, and " Won't you sing
the air,"

But it's " Freshman, stop that howling," when you
once are settled there,

When you once are settled there, etc.

They made me stay to dinner ; I went out with the first ;
I had the seat of honor, and was stuffed till nearly burst ;
And when that too was over and I could no longer stay
They made me promise I would come and do the same
next day.

O it's Mr. this and Mr. that, and " Come, *do* have
some more,"

But it's " Freshman, wait till last, sir," when the
rushing season 's o'er,

The rushing season 's o'er, etc.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

TOUCHSTONE

Mad Wag, the grassy glades of Arden forest thro'
Thy witty wisdom gravely sports and plays,
As sifting thro' its laughing leaves, the rays
Of Phoebus gemmed its meadows moist with dew.
The melancholy Jaques, Orlando pale,
Gay Rosalind, grave Duke, the courtier, clown, —
All owned thy sway. And still the ages down
Their limner's friends with thee at wan care rail.
Athwart the brilliant court and greenwood gay
Thy sharp-shod shafts of witty censure sped,
While laughed the brawling brook along its way,
And laughed the blithesome, buoyant birds o'erhead.
Oh, dainty fool! Of all he ever writ,
We crown thee sweetest Shakespeare's sweetest wit.

C. MORTON SCIPLE

YOUTH BACCHANAL

Youth came and cried, " My hour is long !
Come fill it full of mirth and song,

Of unmixed wine and kisses sweet,
With music made for maddened feet ! "

I drained one glass, I danced one measure,
Met Sister Mirth, wooed Mistress Pleasure.

I sang one song, then choked with rage,
My harp-strings snapped with strain of Age.

H. R. R.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

MY PIPE

Here 's to the man who loves his pipe,
The greatest of earthly pleasure —
Tobacco to drive dull care away —
Joy in its fullest measure.

Then give me a good old open fire,
My dear old chair of leather,
My pipe of which I never tire,
And we 'll face the world together.

JAMES M. HUDSON

THE PROF'S LITTLE GIRL

She comes to the Quad when her Ladyship pleases,
And loiters at will in the sun and the shade;
As free from the burden of work as the breezes
That play with the bamboo is this little maid.
The tongues of the bells as they beat out the morning
Like mad in their echoing cases may whirl
Till they weary of calling her — all their sharp warning
Is lost on the ear of the prof's little girl.

With a scarred-over heart that is old in the knowledge
Of all the manœuvres and snares of the Hall,
Grown wary of traps in its four years at college,
And able at last to keep clear of them all, —
Oh, what am I doing away from my classes
With a little blue eye and a brown little curl?
Ah me! fast again, and each precious hour passes
In slavery sweet to the prof's little girl.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

She makes me a horse, and I mind her direction,
Though it takes me o'er many a Faculty green;
I'm pledged to the cause of her pussy's protection
From ghouls of the Lab and the horrors they mean;
I pose as the sire of a dragged rag dolly
Who owns the astonishing title of Pearl;—
And I have forgotten that all this is folly,
So potent the charm of the prof's little girl!

Yet, spite of each sacrifice made to impress her,
She smiles on my rival. Oh, vengeance I'd gain!
But he wears the same name as my major professor,
And so in his graces I have to remain;
And when she trots off with this juvenile lover,
Leaving me and the cat and the doll in a whirl,
It's pitiful truly for us to discover
The signs of her sex in the prof's little girl.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

SONG FOR TREE DAY

FRESHMAN

With joy for the long years before us
Our eager devotion we bring;
To all the wide blue that is o'er us,
Our class, tree and college we sing.

CHORUS

*We sing to the days that are past,
We sing to the days yet to be;
Over campus and hill
Let the echo swing still
As we sing to each class and its tree.*

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

SENIOR

With memories rich beyond telling,
The song of dear service we raise,
Our love and our loyalty swelling
On this, the glad day of all days.

CHORUS

*We sing to the days that are past,
We sing to the days yet to be;
Over campus and hill
Let the echo swing still
As we sing to each class and its tree.*

MARGARET B. MERRILL

ARCADY

How blessed to have lived in antique days,
A shepherd swain upon the Arcadian hills,
Guarding the flock beside the mossy rills,
And weaving idle thoughts in idle lays;
Or with shrill pipe and blithesome roundelays
Guiding the rustic maidens in the dance,
And drinking in some Greek eye's melting glance
That far outweighed the envied crown of bays!

Yet, Arcady, amid thy echoing glades
Those pastoral pipers and fleet-footed maids,
In their self-centered joy and narrow scope,
Knew not the fuller life of later years,—
The martyrdom, the agony, the tears
And rapturous visions of our boundless hope.

LOQUIDOR

IN COLLEGE DAYS

AT STUDY-TIME

At study-time the white lamp throws
Its light on many a page sublime,
Where many a master's image glows,
At study-time.

Yet evermore, through prose or rhyme,
One sweet thought buds and gently grows
Full flushed as roses in their prime.

At length, unread my books I close, —
Ah! let them go! too sweet the crime
To think on thee, forgetting those
At study-time.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

WHERE TH' LILACS BLOW

Out in Santa Clara Valley — hits a mighty spell away —
There's a little nook I know of where th' lilacs bloom in
May.

Sech a quiet little corner, where th' sun ferever shines,
Thet hit seems a-sleep an' dreamin' to th' music o' th' pines.
All th' world around es bustlin' — all a-shake with life hit
seems,

'Cept the nook thet shines afore me en th' Valley o' my
Dreams,

Where th' spring-time stops ferever an' th' lilacs droop
an' blow —

Out in Santa Clara Valley, en a hum-spot thet I know.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Sometimes en th' long, cold evenin's en' th' spring month
o' to-day,
When th' snow es slowly meltin' an' th' world es sorter
gray,
An' th' trees begin t' bloomin' oh so slowly, en the rain,
Tell, at nights, th' frost-wind shrivels all 'em new-born
buds again,
Over all this wreck of winter comes a soft, sweet scent I
know,
Hits from Santa Clara Valley, where the purple lilacs blow.

T'aint no matter where I ramble thro' this whole big, busy
land,
Just as soon as April rain-drops 'gins t' tell thet Spring's
at hand.
An' th' birds cum back a-wingin' like they're 'shamed they
went away',
An' th' woods es full of flowers, an' the blue-winged, cranky
jay
Starts complainin' of th' weather, like he does en rain or
shine,
There's a scent, a-softly stealin' from thet far-off hum o'
mine,
Hit's th' perfume from a corner where the purple lilacs grow,
Out en Santa Clara Valley, en a hum-spot thet I know.

W. BARRON

TO GERTRUDE

Thou art not like the roses,
However fair they be ;
Their beauty sweet is all too fleet,
But thine can never flee.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

No lang'rous violet's eye so clear —
No daisy's smile so free —
Nor lily fair can e'er compare
To what thou art to me !

For the gentle grace of thy sweet face
Proves Truth and Love in thee,
And thy blue eyes show the tender glow
Of a soul of purity.

WHITEHALL HERRICK

A SPRIG OF WILD ROSE

'T was a sprig of wild rose that she wore in her hair :
Was there flower ever bloomed better crown for the fair ?
Now perhaps 't was the rose, and perhaps 't was the maid,
But 't is true that till dusk at the gate I delayed.

There is never a doubt that 't was placed as a snare,
That sprig of wild-rose that she wore in her hair ;
But pray, why will maidens resort to such arts,
When 't is maids and not rosebuds that capture our hearts ?

Now a rose and a maid and an old garden gate,
When they all come at once, there are some call it fate.
When a maid wears a sprig of wild rose in her hair,
There's a little blind boy close at hand, — so beware.

Now 't is claimed that those maids of the soft hazel eye
Are most often so modest that Love passes by ;
But when 't is sub rosa what maids will not dare
'T was a sprig of wild rose that she wore in her hair.

FLOYD W. JEFFERSON

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

HER MANDOLIN

When Summer sunset tints the sky,
And twilight gathers dreamily,
There floats a soft and tender strain,
Which swells and falls and swells again,
From out my lady's casement high.

Upon the ledge white roses lie,
Which long have climbed, to linger nigh
While she awakes, with light refrain,
Her mandolin.

The sweetest moments swiftest fly ;
Too soon, alas ! the soft strains die,
And all is hushed on hill and plain ;
But still in fairest dreams I fain
Would hear, while soft the night winds sigh,
Her mandolin.

RAYMOND W. WALKER

NO REWARD OFFERED

As in the apple orchard
We did a-walking go,
I lost my heart, just where the
Autumn sweetings grow ;
'T was when the boughs were laden
With perfumed blossoms, white
And pink, as ye maid's cheeks are
Out in ye warm sunlight.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

It might have fallen under
The blossoms when they fell ;
I do not know, for, truly,
I' faith, 't is hard to tell ;
I think it must have tangled
In ye maiden's hair ;
Or hidden in ye violets,
In her sweet eyes there.

Dear Maiden, if you find it —
My poor heart, anywhere,
If you will keep it safely
'T will rid my mind of care ;
For in ye apple orchard,
So did my fortune run,
Although I lost my own heart,
I found another one.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

THE GLEES O' THE GIRLS

The glees o' the girls, how light they float
From each fair singer's caroling throat !
A chanson now of maid and *beau*,
And now a tender love song low,
Now the wild gypsies' note.

As to the tide a dainty boat,
So these, to sweetest Art devote
Responds to music's liquid flow —
The glees o' the girls.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

And soft as Virgil's gentle oat,
Or laughing nymphs in woods remote,
So warte their music to and fro,
Soprano high and alto low —
Oh! would I were the one who wrote
The glees o' the girls!

LULLABY

Sleep, my child, while your mother sings —
Sleep, little one, sleep,
While night descends on its raven wings,
And the misty twilight fades away
On the floating form of the dying day —
Sleep, little one, sleep.

So cuddle and nestle and have no fear —
Sleep, little one, sleep,
For angel forms are hovering near,
And the stars are watching from yonder skies
The trundle-bed where my baby lies —
Sleep, little one, sleep.

Then speed away to the Bylow-land —
Sleep, little one, sleep,
To that hazy, far-off Shadow-land,
And dream as the night wind sings aloft
To the fleecy clouds so dim and soft —
Sleep, little one, sleep.

GEORGE C. WING

IN COLLEGE DAYS

IF THE HEART BE YOUNG

If the heart be young,
No carping tongue
Can set the world awry ;
The sun will keep his wonted place,
The stars bestow their gentle grace —
The world will show a *smiling* face,
If the heart be young.

If the heart be young,
No dirge is sung
For dead hopes of the past :
The step is light, though the head be gray ;
Vain cares in sleep fade as dreams away ;
New hope is born with each new day,
If the heart be young.

MY LADY'S FAN

My lady is fair, my lady is sweet,
My lady is wondrous shy ;
Or daintily scornful, from exquisite feet
To down-cast, azure eye.

My lady's fan is a flutter of gray,
With paintings in Watteau vein ;
That frivolous fan, by its indolent sway,
Speaks only her disdain.

The little Marquise with a Watteau crook
I'll swear has a smile for me ;
The cavalier, helping her over the brook,
She does n't seem to see !

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Ah ! little Marquise with your powdered hair,
And your saucy smile at me,
Pray look at the gallant young gentleman there
And smile for *him* to see !

KATHERINE WHITING

IN COLLEGE DAYS

What golden ways,
Those college days,
We rode and rode together !
Leaving behind
The weary grind
We wheeled away with lightsome mind
From cap and gown,
From student frown,
Into the autumn weather.

Glowing with sense
Of life intense,
And zest of life wild-hearted,
Above, we knew
The sky was blue,
So on we flew, and on we flew,
The while the air,
A champagne rare,
Our sleeping pulses started.

On, spinning faster,
We saw the aster
Its frosted purples fling
By wayside wall,
And over all

IN COLLEGE DAYS

The woodbine weave its scarlet shawl;
And, dimmed its gold
At touch of cold,
The goldenrod uprising.

On hill-top higher,
A fringe of fire,
The sumacs took the breeze.
And Oh, we sighed,
What bliss to ride
Forever this October-tide,
Finding anew
The golden, true
Fabled Hesperides!

Then, musing, slow
We used to go
When distant far from town;
And on the wold
Leaves manifold
Fell, carpeting our way with gold.
How loath they fell
I mind me well.
How sadly circled down!

Or, book in hand,
Through that sweet land
We read the Lotos Eaters,
On every line
October's shine
Shedding a witchery divine;
While wafts unsought
Came, memory-brought,
Of soft Sicilian metres.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

HARMONY

His life was one of quietness ;
No mighty field of action had he sought,
Yet even as the silence of the evening hour
The most sublime of harmonies has wrought,
The harmony of night, so, too, his heart,
Touched by the great musician of all life,
Sang its own part, in the great song of songs,
The song of love.
Men heard the music. In their hearts
Echoed again the soft sweet strain,
Yet hearing it, they could not tell
From whence it came.

ALICE JACKSON

In at my open window
Stole the breath of the apple tree,
And it's delicate, dainty perfume
Kissed the cords of Memory ;
And the blush of an apple blossom,
The blue of a soft spring sky,
The gold of a gorgeous sunset
Seemed to tremble and silent lie
In the heart of Memory.

Suddenly out of the twilight
Stole a winsome, fairy face,
And the form that swayed beneath it
Was cloud-like in its grace ;

IN COLLEGE DAYS

And the blush of an apple blossom,
The blue of a soft spring sky,
The gold of a gorgeous sunset
Had become a maiden shy
From the heart of Memory.

In at my open window
Stole the breath of the old pine tree,
And the strength of its mighty spirit
Shook the cords of Memory ;
And the tender voice of the zephyr,
The laugh of the morning breeze,
The passion tone of the thunder storm
Seemed to struggle and sob and tease
In the heart of Memory.

By the side of the perfumed maiden
Rose a noble, boyish face,
And the form that stood beside her
Was matchless in its grace ;
And the tender voice of the zephyr,
The laugh of the morning breeze,
The passion tone of the thunder storm
Had become a masculine tease
From the heart of Memory.

Guess who the lad and lassie were,
Those children of air and bloom,
That touched my heart so tenderly
As they danced around my room.
They were only a little boy and girl
From the past so sweet to me —
In fact, they were not strangers at all,
For 't was only you and me. USNE

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A TOAST

God fare you, merry gentlemen,
God keep you strong alway;
And ere we part a stirrup cup
To this, my toast, with glasses up,
And none to say us nay!

A-down the jolly stream of life
May we all safely glide;
A friend — a loyal, lusty friend —
To joys and griefs divide;
A maid with curls of shimmering gold
And eyes of heaven's blue;
A glass to cheer the passing hour,
Sparkling like the sun-kissed dew!

May the friend be ever faithful,
The maid no sorrow blight,
The wine be good as this we quaff!
Merry gentlemen, good-night,

THE YARD IN DECEMBER

The pale, transparent Autumn mists
With widespread arms the Yard enfold
And through the dusk the windows gleam
Into the night like ruddy gold.
The elms their ceaseless vigil hold
And drone their mournful, deep refrain
Of sorrow as the Autumn dies
And winter tempests come again.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

And in the silent evening dusk,
When through the mists the lamp-lights glow,
And down the tree-arched paths dark forms
Like phantoms of the twilight go,
The towering ivy-mantled walls
Loom dark against the mists of white
And all the Yard is folded in
The beauty of a Winter night.

ARTHUR D. FICKE

IN THE MORNING

As the day is wakening,
All the birds are carolling.
 "Robin, why so merry there?
 Just because the rose is fair,
 And the dreamy, dewy air
Laden is with scents of Spring?
 Know you not that Spring will fly,
 Summer fade and Autumn die,
 Even as will you and I?
Why, then gleeful matins sing?"

Quickly answer comes, "I know
Fragrant Springtime soon will blow
 Like the summer's fairest flower;
 And the last bright Autumn hour
 Down the crimson leaves will shower.
Yet I'll sing until they go!
 See, the morn comes joyfully!
 Sunlight kisses field and tree.
 Take the Present offered thee!
And the Future — God will show." R. S. H.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

BACHELORDOM

With pipe, with glass,
'T is thus we pass,
The hours of greatest pleasure;
By ruddy light
Of fireside bright
We talk and smoke together.
For maidens fair
We have no care,
We live our lives without them,
To them we 'll drink,
Yet laugh to think
How much it costs to keep them.
To flirt, to dance,
To read romance,
To talk of high "position,"
To catch the town
With some new gown,
This seems a girl's ambition.
With winning smiles
She you beguiles,
You think that she adores you,
Then comes a day
When you can't pay,
And then she just ignores you.
What use have we
For such as she,
To us she is no treasure;
With glass, with pipe,
But with no wife,
We'll journey on together. W. H. M.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

TO A ROSE ON THE BALL-ROOM FLOOR

Oh fallen rose ! I pity thee,
Lost from that cluster fair to see,
Whose fortune, rare, it is, to rest
Where fain would I — were I so blest —
Close to that dear heart, light and free.

But now, all scorned thou art — like me —
Companion of my misery —
Forgotten now, though once caressed,
Oh fallen rose !

So from the floor I rescue thee —
Thy plight deserves my sympathy,
For I like thee am all unblest,
Forsaken, though I loved her best,
Oh fallen rose !

J. McKenna Wall

WHEN ANN JANE SINGS

She's poor and sick and dreadful thin,
Old Ann Jane is ;
The path of life that she walks in
Ain't strewn with bliss.
She's bent with rheumatiz and pain,
All kinds of things !
And yet, the world seems right again,
When Ann Jane sings.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Them choir girls (when it don't rain)
All wears their best.
She looks so kinder poor and plain
Amongst the rest ;
She has a faded caliker,
Old bonnet strings, —
But yet you somehow don't see her,
When Ann Jane sings.

I hear the wind come blowin' through
The apple trees,
I see the cornfields wavin, too ;
The summer breeze,
From where my bed of roses lie
Their odor brings,
And one step nearer heaven I,
When Ann Jane sings. A. M. K.

HER PICTURE

(RONDEL)

Days come back to me dearer with dreaming,
Days that I thought had vanished quite.
I have set her picture beneath the light
And watch her face with the old love beaming.

Fond memories wear a truer seeming
Than ever before, I know, to-night ;
Days come back to me dearer with dreaming,
Days that I thought had vanished quite.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Her great pure eyes with tears are gleaming,
And her face grows lovelier in my sight
With its tender lips and forehead white,
All of the dull to-day redeeming ;
Days come back to me dearer with dreaming.

R. E. R.

LADY, DON' YOU SIGH

Don' you sigh,
Don' you cry,
Springtime comin' bye-m-by ;
Smile, my Lady ;
Laugh, my Lady ;
Springtime comin' bye-m-by.

Winter days mos' over ;
Smile, my Lady !
Blue birds in de clover ;
Laugh, my Lady !
Birds, an' bees, an' butterflies,
Sun o' gold, amethyst skies,
Emerald earth— for your dear eyes,
O, my Lady !

Trouble almos' through ;
Smile, my Lady !
No more tears for you ;
Laugh, my Lady !
Nothing for you for awhile,
Jes' to fold your hands an' smile ;
You have traveled many a mile,
O, my Lady !

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Don' you sigh,
Don' you cry,
Springtime comin' bye-m-by;
Smile, my Lady;
Laugh, my Lady;
Springtime comin' bye-m-by.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

FROO DE TWILIGHT

I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate,
An' I feel mah heart a-jumpin' in a mighty frisky state.
Who's dat callin'? Hello, blue-jay boy! Am you de li'l
chap
Dat use ter mek me mad de times I tried to tek a nap
In de meadow, an' yer screechin' 'noyed me so I could n't
sleep?
Why, what's got in yer song-pipes dat yo' mek de trembles
creep
Up mah back, an' cross mah heart an' down mah arms an'
laigs an' toes?
I kyan 'zac'ly 'splain it, but I 'spec's mah honey knows.
Sing yo' sweet good-night, ol' piper-jay, an' help us cele-
brate;
I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate.

I jes' lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de
gate —
Hullo! Dar's Deakin Brown, de man I use ter 'spise an'
hate,

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Kase he scolded me in meetin' when I flinged a kiss at Sue
(Her dat's standin' by de gateway in de shadders, true ez
true).

But I doan' feel hard ag'inst him. How do, Deakin?
Lubly day!

How is Missis Brown dis ebenin', an' de li'l' chillun? —
Hey?

Oh, I clean forgit dat trouble. Dat is all pas', Deakin
Brown,

An' I 'spec's I needed k'rectin', when yo' come to bile it
down.

Good-bye, Deakin. Dar, dat's settled. Why, I like de
man frustrate.

(For I lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate.)

Oh, I lef' mah honey standin' in de shadder ob de gate,
An' her eyes lit up de shadder like de glow-worm an' his
mate.

But I won' stay long away f'm her. We'll tek a walk ter-
night

Whar de maples keep de yaller moon f'm lookin' down too
bright.

Lord o' massy! Smell dat lilac-bush! It 's growed dar
ebery year,

But I nevah seed it bloomin' so — or else I did n' keah.

Mah! But ain't dis air refreshin' when it gallops froo yo'
breas'.

A-strummin' on de heart strings dar, dat sing dey veyh
bes'!

Mah heart done got so tingly I can feel it circylate,
For I lef' mah honey smilin' in de shadder ob de gate.

J. A. MACY

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE SAILOR'S HYMN

Wild is the sea and dark when night is falling,
Desolate the sky, unquickened by a star;
Groan the dark waves beneath the grim winds goading
Where wandering sails are lost in night afar.
Yet 'cross the sea there gleams a light in passing,
From distant towers the rays stream on the main,
And down the fitful night wind faintly ringing,
There comes the sailor's hymn in sweet refrain.

Mia Madre, night is closing,
Twilight lets her curtains fall;
While through heavy seas we 're roaming,
From our hearts we softly call.
Mia Madre, bend thou o'er us,
Vesper shadows creep a-near;
Through these hours of strange forebodings
Guard our hearts from doubt and fear.

A PARODY

Oftentimes I like to sit beside the fire
And dream about my college days of yore;
While visions of familiar scenes and faces
Seem to rise and float before my eyes once more.

How plainly I can see the dear old campus,
By the setting sunlight rendered all aglow;
While the zephyrs softly whisper through the pine trees,
And the merry students wander to and fro.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Oh the moon is shining brightly on the campus,
From the halls there comes the sound of mirth and glee,
Through the dormitories cheerful lights are gleaming,
In my old college home so dear to me.

In my dreams I see once more the old stone chapel,
With its stately towers rising toward the sky,
And this brings to mind a thousand cherished memories
Of the rushes and the games of days gone by.

Although the happy college days are over,
And afar across the ocean I may stray,
Still the vision of the campus crowned with sunlight
Will remain imprinted on my mind for aye.

JOSEPH WALKER WHITNEY

AN OLD LOVE-SONG

Gather me lilies and come tell
What beauties in the lilies dwell ;
My love is fairer than thy telling,
In each precisest point excelling.

Go search the deep in stalwart ships
And find thee coral like her lips,
Or snatch the blue from southern skies
And match the azure of her eyes.

The rustling of the leaves, I guess,
Is as the rustling of her dress ;
And fall of water sounds not half
So musically as her laugh.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Vain oratory! She no more
Is compassed in a metaphor
Than is the shadow of a rose
One with the flower that richly blows.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Sing a song of summer maidens
Sailing on a summer sea,
 Jolly boating,
 Ribbons floating
On the breezes wild and free.

Sing a song of ardent lovers,
Rich and handsome, young and gay,
 Always joking,
 So provoking!
Hear them call it "pretty play!"

Sing a song of autumn weddings,
Splendid gifts and sparkling rings,
 Pretty dresses,
 Sweet caresses,
All the joy that loving brings.

Sing a song of what might happen
If the men were only there,
 Spite of dressing
 And impressing,
Lonely are those maidens fair.

M. M.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE DANCE

The maze of motion ; sounds of slippèd feet,
Swift glances, radiant smiles that love tales tell :
Bosoms that throb with love's impassioned swell,
Red lips upturned that honeyed words repeat ;
Rhymed music swelling through the rustling palms,
The gleam of shoulders whiter than the pearls
Of orient,— the living pageant whirls
In dizzy cycles, till the mind asks alms
Of sense — the soaring fancy dizzy reels ;
The pulsing blood flies coursing through the veins ;
The whole lithe body throbs, and yearns, and feels
The power of rhythm, pleasures drowning pains,
Until the very soul in transport yields,
Bound fast by music's mystic woven chains.

THOMAS M. MARSHALL

Just to bury my face in the green,
By the crickets, the grasshoppers only be seen ;
To forget the clamoring face of the crowd ;
To forget in the silence the voices so loud ;
To be chirrured to sleep
By the crickets wee ;
To be hushed by the sound
Of the surging sea.
Chirrup, chirrup, voiceless glee !
Hush, hush, the sound of the sea !
Crickets and ocean are singing to me.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

AFTER THE THEATRICALS

You were a little country maid,
That was in the play ;
I, the lover, grim and staid,
That was in the play.
But when at last in accents bold,
In spite of maiden glances cold,
The secret of my love I told, —
Ah, that was not all play.

When aided by my love for you —
That was in the play —
I ran the heavy villain through,
That was only play.
But when you came with tears to greet,
And that shy kiss, so very sweet —
Tell me truly, Marguerite,
Was that all in play ?

CHESTER M. PRATT

POLLY'S MOODS

When Polly's laughing, I can clearly hear
The bubbling music of a meadow brook
That in and out its wayward courses took,
By sun-kissed hill, through copses sun-forsook ;
A mirthful thing, that, of a summer's night,
Sang to the stars a song of pure delight ;
Listen ! hear it, after many a year,
In Polly's laughing.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When Polly's weeping, I can plain discern
The unannounced, unheralded
Advent of April rain.
Skies quickly darken, on the roof o'erhead
The swift drops patter, and on window pane.
The wind blows fiercely, and tall pine and fern
Bow low before Boreas' ambassador. Just then
The sun shines out — and Polly smiles again.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

THE QUAIL

Down in the swale I hear him call,
Down in the swale, 'mid the grasses tall,
Where cat-tails are growing,
And mallows are blowing,
And shy summer asters their pale flowers are showing
He's piping his clear "Bob White! Bob White!"

For whom, shy bird, do you vainly sigh?
For whom, I wonder, your eager cry
With tenderness freighted
And longing unsated,
O tell me, wee Blondel, for whom have you waited
To answer your lone "Bob White, Bob White?"

All the long day his pipe sounds clear,
All the long day, now far, now near,
As plaintively singing,
Wild, limpid notes flinging,
Afloat on the breezes with echoes a-ringing,
He whistles his sweet "Bob White, Bob White!"

MARY DANFORTH DODGE

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

FOUND, A BOY'S HEART

Found, found a boy's heart,
Under the garden trees !
And the little maid who found it there
Put it aside with ease.
For you see she had found many hearts before,
And she would not cause it pain,
But she isn't quite sure that she wants any more,
So she'll send it home again.

Found, found a boy's heart,
Over the Campus wall !
And the deary Dear will keep it safe,
Until the owner call.
And whether she 'll wish to change her mind,
Or whether to give it away, —
The maid does n't know ; but if he be kind
She may keep it for ever and aye.

"PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB"

"Studying. Please do not disturb."
Just as well to go away ;
She 's absorbed in noun and verb,
Not at home to you to-day.

And you 'd find it very stupid,
Heartless things are noun and verb ;
Might as well go home, Dan Cupid !
"Studying. Please do not disturb !"

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

IN COLLEGE DAYS

CANOE SONG

In the rushes pipes a chaffinch,
Willows shadow the lagoon,
While we skim the mirror surface,
Dipping, dipping to a tune.

Deep and still the night of summer ;
Swings aloft the August moon,
While we sing a duet softly,
Drifting idly to the tune.

R. PIER

TO SAINT VALENTINE

How many saints in the canon be
Little I know and less I care.
Good Saint Valentine, 't is to thee,
Thee alone, that I make my prayer.
Grant me light in my dark despair,
Hear my plea as I humbly bow,
Ease my heart of its cruel care,
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

Send thine aid with a maiden rare
Who pierced my heart with her sweet brown eyes,
Tangled it close in her soft brown hair,
And little recks of the trifling prize.
Yields me scorn for my heavy sighs,
Laughs at my wooing and mocks my vow,
Looks upon me but to despise,
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Good Saint Valentine, break her rest,
Suffer no longer this thing to be,
Stir the calm in her tranquil breast,
Rob her life of its careless glee,
Fetter her heart that was once so free,
Set thy mark on her fair white brow,
And all these things for the love of me,
Good Saint Valentine, help me now !

E. W. H.

LYRIC

How sweet the hours I spend with thee
In Dreamland, free and wide !
While broods the night in sullen gloom,
And witches ride on haunted broom
And owls hold ghostly revelry,
I wander by thy side.

How cold and drear, o'er hedge and heath,
The wailing night-wind flees !
With thee the skies are bright and blue ;
My sleeping heart to thee is true,
While sporting goblins hide beneath
The gruesome forest-trees.

When darkness covers land and sea,
Through every star-lit hour,
In regal halls, with kings of earth,
'Mid songs of love and shouts of mirth,
Our spirits wander blithe and free
Or rest in fairy bower.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

How tired and wan the pallid moon
Hangs o'er the forest drear !
This night we sailed the rolling sea,
Where sang the mermaid minstrelsy,
But glinting stars grow dim, and soon
Bleak morning will appear.

And now we part ; I love thee more
Than demons fear the day.
When night-winds moan o'er land and main,
My love and I shall meet again.
We 'll visit each alluring shore
Of ocean, cold and gray. D. M.

RONDEL

'Mid the sound of Christmas singing
Hear the twang of Cupid's bow.
Young folks tripping to and fro
Feel his random arrows stinging ;
Over all the dancers swinging
Hangs the tempting mistletoe.
'Mid the sound of Christmas singing
Hear the twang of Cupid's bow.

Fatefully the shafts go winging.
By the Yule-log's ruddy glow
Troths are plighted soft and low.
Through the window sleigh bells ringing,
'Mid the sound of Christmas singing,
Hear the twang of Cupid's bow.

F. R. DU BOIS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST

When we sit and think on a long drear day
Of good old times that have passed away,
And brighter each memory and image appears,
Of scenes that have gone with the passing years,—
With the thoughts of yore there will come a sigh,
 And we feel a touch of pain ;
For it's sad to think that they all should fly,
The good old times that have long gone by,
 And will never come back again.

We have thought of old summers we've spent at ease,
'Mid the mountain air or the ocean's breeze,
Of the silvery nights when we strolled hand in hand,
With our summer-girl on the Newport strand ;
And a vision comes too of a rustic maid,
 Where an apple was good for a kiss,
And we almost wish that they might have stayed,
The good old times when an apple was paid
 To our brown-cheeked country miss.

We have thought of old friendships, tried and true,
Of everything else in our past life, too ;
"Here's a health to old times that have gone," we will say,
"A cup to each one, the world is now gay."
And yet as we drink there will come a sigh,
 And we feel a touch of pain ;
For it's sad to think that they all should fly,
The good old times that have long gone by,
 And will never come back again.

ROBERT L. MUNGER

IN COLLEGE DAYS

RONDEAU

In our fathers' youth, the grandams say,
When things went on in the good old way,
Mistress Ruth was charming beyond compare
In the dainty gowns that she used to wear,
And was rather a belle in that by-gone day.

Rosy and dimpled, with laughter gay,
Her wanton smiles drove care away,
And of lovers they say she had more than her share,
In our fathers' youth.

But now there 's a saddening touch of gray
In the locks where the sunshine loved to play,
The roses have faded, the dimples fair
Are smoothed away by the hand of care,
And the court is dissolved where she once held sway,
In our fathers' youth.

D. B. S. RATHBUN

THE YOUNG KNIGHT'S LITANY

Sunrise without, — the moat 's a-gleam,
Sunrise within, — my heart 's a-ringing !
Young blood beneath my golden mail
And all the world a-singing !
The winding highway joins the sky
An untrod mystery !
Mother of God in Heaven
Look down and prosper me.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Tried to the soul in fifty fights !
Fire of my heart deep red a-glowing ;
My surcoat, blazoned with the cross,
Rent and in ribbons flowing !
When I am thus, yet on my quest,
And struggling hardily,
Mother of God in Heaven
Look down and strengthen me !

Sunset within, — my little day
Shutt'ring its gates with bars of gold.
This gleaming lance a pilgrim's staff,
My heart's fire whitening cold,
When I am thus, and on my quest
Falter but wearily
Mother of God in Heaven
Smile down and call to me !

E. LYTTLETON FOX

TO YOU, LASSIE

I hae na' a thocht for ony but you, lassie,
I hae na' a thocht for ony but you ;
At rise o' the sun or at fa' o' the dew, lassie,
I hae na' a thocht for ony but you —
For ony but you, lassie.

Your face is sae bonnie, your een are sae blue, lassie,
Your face is sae bonnie, your een are sae blue,
Where e'er I may bide, I think but o' you, lassie,
I canna' but aye be a thinkin' o' you, —
Aye dreamin' o' you, lassie.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

IN COLLEGE DAYS

CURFEW

How soon their daylight ends,
Whose task is sweet and long,
When evening's dying curfew blends
With evensong.

Yet they whose strength is spent
In toil full richly blest,
May hear its echoes, well content,
And peaceful rest.

ALFRED DUDLEY BRITTON

A BALLAD TO DON QUIXOTE

Ho, ho ! He rides a-down the street,
Where once the knights rode long ago,
On halting steed with laggard feet,
A sharpened lath for sword, I trow.
The mocking rabble stand a-row,
The children, jeering, follow on ;
But, patient still, he rides on slow.
Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

So lived this Don ! The wind-mills greet,
Perchance, his weary eyes, and lo !
They change, and, in a moment fleet,
Are giants he must overthrow.
Then ho ! he spurs to meet the foe,—
And sprawls upon the ground anon :
A fool, men say, and be it so.
Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

And yet his heart was true. Defeat
O'ercame him not, nor hostile blow.
He rode — until he chanced to meet
Grim death, who struck and laid him low.
He went to rest, though here below
Not flowers, but thorns, he trod upon ;
He went to rest, as all men go.
Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

ENVOY

Princes, amid life's empty show
He fought for love and truth, whereon
The world all laughed. But God will know.
Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

A. B. HOUGHTON

A TRANSFORMATION

Belinda I saw on the field one day
In corduroy basket-ball array.
She caught the ball, she made it bounce,
She was everywhere on the field at once ;
With cheers and shouts you could hear them yell
For Belinda who played the game so well.

Belinda I saw on the following night
In velvet and ruffles all bedight.
With a glass for his eye and a white peruke,
A dainty, powdered, bediamond duke
Would think with dismay (if he thought at all)
That a demoiselle e'er could play at ball.

A. M. K.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A SMOKER'S FANCY

Airy vapors round me trailing ;
Deep my sleepy eyes are veiling.
Far away my fancy's sailing
Mid the wilds of mystic Aär.
Fairy eyes upon me beaming,
Sprites and spirits past me streaming
Near asleep,— and I am dreaming,
In the smoke from my cigar.

Shadowy dryads round me dancing,
Ghoulish visions, dim, entrancing,
Now receding, now advancing,
Now so near and now so far.
Forms of loved ones hover round me ;
Slumber's chains have nearly bound me ;
Hail ! at last my love has found me,
'Mid the smoke from my cigar.

FRANK HARRIS

Merrily, merrily, dance they yet,
The foolish clown and the gay soubrette,
Bowing, smiling, hand in hand ;
See — at the end of the act they stand
To meet the applause that thunders down,
The gay soubrette and the circus clown.

Merrily, merrily, dance we yet,
Like the foolish clown and the gay soubrette,
And what 's to the world when the curtain 's down,
The gay soubrette or the circus clown ?

E. C.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A TWOSOME

Under the sunny August sky
We played at golf,
Jeannette and I, —
'T was just a twosome.
With sleeves rolled up and head all bare
She placed her ball and drove it fair;
A-playing for a record she,
And I — I watched Jeannette, you see.

Down in the thick and sedgy grass
We sought her ball,
But there, — alas!
We found it not.
We hunted high, we hunted low,
'T was gone, — they always are, you know.
"A ball does lose so easily,
You should have watched it fall," quoth she.

Under the sunny August sky
We sought her ball,
Jeannette and I, —
'T was just a twosome.
Our hands met in the search somehow,
Alas, for me the hazard now, —
"I watched my heart and saw it fly
Straight to your feet, Jeannette," quoth I.
"A heart does lose so easily,
I'll give you mine instead," quoth she.

MARGARET REBECCA PIPER

IN COLLEGE DAYS

IMPERFECTION

If the flower be lovely,
Perfect to the eye,
And the fragrance wanting,
Can it satisfy ?

Since thy Lady's face is fair
And her grace refined,
Doth her beauty, then, suffice,
If she be not kind ?

RICHARD RAY KIRK

MY LOUISIANA HOME

By the Teche in Louisiana,
Where the purple twilight falls,
When the mocking bird is silent
And the cricket shrilly calls,
There my heart is wand'ring ever
And the bonds that naught can sever
Call me back to that sweet river,
By my Louisiana home.

Where the cabin lights are twinkling
And the darkies softly sing
All the old plantation ditties
When the bat is on the wing.
When the whip-poor-will is calling
And the night is gently falling,
Memories seem to be enthralling
By my Louisiana home.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

At the peep of day-break dawning
With the dew upon the corn
Waving slowly to the breezes
Of a southern July morn,
To the river slowly flowing
In the Spring sun's early glowing,
My poor heart seems always going,
By my Louisiana home.

In the sullen heat of midday
When the land is parched and dry,
And the plough-boy treads his furrow
'Neath the ardent summer sky,
Even then my thoughts are turning
With a never-ceasing yearning,
To the southern sky that's burning,
To my Louisiana home.

D. J. DEVLIN

DOROTHY

Her long, soft lashes darkly veiling
The mischief of her witching eyes,
Her saucy nose, her frock a-trailing,
Dainty and blue as summer's skies, —
The essence of frivolity
Is Dorothy.

'T were wise for me well to consider
Her disposition and her mind.
Her tastes, her soul, before I bid her
Be to my aspirations kind.
Too late! she's stol'n the heart from me —
Has Dorothy!

HELEN ZABRISKIE HOWES

RAISING OF THE STARS AND
STRIPE AT SANTIAGO

Cathedral chimes ring out high noon
Where Santiago lies,
They seem to chant a merry tune
Beneath the smiling skies;
The Stars and Stripes are rising fast,
They flutter o'er a palace vast,
A breathless throng look up to see
The glorious sign of Liberty —
All hail!

Columbia, all hail to thee!
Tho' blood and treasure flow so free,
Tho' valiant heroes fall,
The Stars and Stripes on high to see
Were worth it all!

The banner floateth on the breeze
Above the arms of Spain,
The Starry Standard of the seas,
The pride of land and main!
Forth bursts a strain of melody
So dear to loyal hearts and free,
"Star Spangled Banner!" may it wave
Wherever hearts are true and brave!
All hail!

Columbia, all hail to thee
Who blood and treasure gave so free
Outside yon city wall!
The Stars and Stripes on high to see
Were worth it all!

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

O, none but patriots dare thus weigh
The worth of sacrifice,
Those who have suffered in the fray
Or helped to win the prize,
Or those who bore their loss alone,
Their dear ones gave without a moan ;
Tho' through their tears as one they say,
As waves old Glory high to-day,
All hail !

Columbia, thrice hail to thee !
Thy sons but live thy shield to be,
And tho' we dying fall,
Old Glory's folds on high to see
Were worth it all !

ORIANA M. WILLIAMS

SPEZIA

O Spezia, fair Spezia,
My heart within me thrills
When I see the sunlight dawning
O'er Carrara's marble hills.

O Spezia, fair Spezia,
The blue-sailed ships float down
To meet the new-kissed waters,
Still slumbering is the town.

On thy rocky feet, O Spezia,
The cerulean waters dash,
And sportive waves are leaping
And foaming eddies splash.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

O olive-slopes of Spezia !
The shout of men is there,
And the laden groves are fragrant
With the lemon and the pear.

Fair Spezia, fair Spezia,
The stealthy haze slips down,
The mountain tops are crimson,
The vales are deep in brown.

Then Spezia, fond Spezia,
Maidens dark, with stately grace,
Earthen water jars are bearing
To the well in the market place.

In the lingering glow, fair Spezia,
Hither coming, as to rest,
The purple barks are stealing,
Homeward wafted from the West.

WALLACE B. CONANT

TWILIGHT

(AT AN OLD MISSION)

Hark ! Through the silence, sounding soft and clear,
The mellow music of the vesper bell ;
The sweet vibrations linger on the ear,
Faintly the hills around prolong the swell.

The last full note in the distance dies away ;
The whispering breeze, the twittering bird songs, cease ;
While over rose-lit sea and mountains gray,
Falls, like a benediction, perfect peace.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Now Day, the laughing maiden, blue-eyed, fair,
Kneels in the twilight hush that broods o'er all;
Over the glory of her golden hair,
Slowly the black veil of the dark doth fall.

Till rising, clothed in sable shadow now,
Calm as a weary soul from sin full-shriven,
The holy nun, Night, lifts her pensive brow,
And counts the rosary of the stars of heaven.

MARION CUMMINGS

LULLABY

Bossy lies in the field asleep.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Mousie dares from her hole to creep.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Pony stands in his stall at rest;
Birdies slumber in every nest;
Tired head upon mamma's breast.
Hushaby! Lullaby!

Stars are shining above the trees.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Branches creak in the summer breeze.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Frogs are croaking beneath the hill,
Crickets chirping an answer shrill;
Softly whistles the whip-poor-will.
Hushaby! Lullaby!

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Drowsy eyelids fluttering fast.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Mamma's baby asleep at last.
Hushaby! Lullaby!
Thumb in his mouth if he likes it so,
Lay him down in his crib, you know,
Gently, carefully, soft and low,
Lullaby! Sleep!

P.

OLD FRIENDS, OLD BOOKS

Twin objects of my love are they;
Old friends — who guide my weary way
From thorn-set paths to laughing meads,
Where, by their side, I fare for hours
'Mid nodding grass and dew-eyed bowers;
Who set me on my path again,
Who stanch my heart, whene'er it bleeds,
With words more soothing than the rain
That beats upon the dying flowers.

And, best of all, my books — ah, ye
Are comfort that none else can be!
It matters not — an ancient tome
That smacks of knights and old romance,
Or verses, bright, that idly dance
Thro' pages wrought but yesterday;
With you my wakened mind may roam
In Judah's land, afar away,
Or dream beneath the skies of France.

Old books, old friends, old loves — ah, ye
Are comfort that none else can be.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

IN ARCADY

In Arcady this night were we,
Those silken lovers fain to see,
That brought us back in golden prime,
In mocking phrase and tender rhyme,
With pathos sweet or sparkling glee.

No more in shadowy lines shall be
The gracious forms and dear, to me,
Whose silver voices ever chime
In Arcady.

Not phantoms dim but daintily
And kind and young the figures flee
From out the songs of that sweet clime
Once more, as in the ancient time,
To trip and sing so fair and free
In Arcady.

E. M. P.

AMOR DORMIT

(TRIOLETS)

In the eyes of a maid
Truant love lies a-dreaming,
For he dreams unafraid
In the eyes of a maid,
Where the sweet lashes shade
Sweeter laughter that's gleaming;
In the eyes of a maid
Truant love lies a-dreaming.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

If you find him asleep,
Wake him not, lest he flee you ;
Short watch need you keep
If you find him asleep,
For his dreams are not deep ;
Soon he 'll waken and seek you.
If you find him asleep
Wake him not, lest he flee you.

H. C. ROBBINS

A SONG

Is it a day or a year, love,
Since you and I together,
Roamed through the woods and the fields, love,
In the sunny April weather ?

Do you remember the skies, love,
And the flowers of blossoming spring,
Birds that we heard in the boughs, love,
Twitter and gladly sing ?

Since through the woods and the fields, love,
We wandered that happy day,
Years have come and have gone, love,
And have carried our youth away.

It has not been always spring, love,
Nor always bright the weather,
But through the sunshine and storm, love,
We have lived glad lives together.

DAISY GAUS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

THE DEATH CHANT OF THE VIKING

Comrades, when my time is near
And my eyes in death grow dark
Reef the white sail o'er my bier,
Stay the billow-cleaving bark.

Drop me softly over side,
Softly, slowly lower me
To the depths where I shall bide
Into all eternity.

Let the wet spray clasp me round,
Let the cold waves kiss my head ;
Restless upon solid ground
I should lie, though stark and dead.

Let me sink to the still caves
Underneath the troubled foam,
Where soft, gliding shadow waves
Waft the Viking to the home

Where the souls of all the bold
Rovers of the ocean main
Sail beyond the sunsets gold,
Sail and ever sail again.

Comrades, when the seas of ice,
In the clear, cold Northern night
Glow with hues of paradise,
The Aurora's awful light.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When the twisting streamers whirled
Dance with ghostly, changing glow,
And above the Arctic world
Vague, vast twilights come and go

Think of me that ever bides
Underneath the restless sea,
Where the deep its secret hides,
Into all eternity.

ARTHUR D. FICKE

MY SONG

I made a song for my heart to sing
When the world was lulled asleep,
And the voice of night in a whisper light
Breathed over the starlit deep.

And the song I made for my heart to sing
Was sweet as a song may be,
For in every note the secret I wrote
That gladdened my life for me.

Then someone came to my window there,
Someone who wandered near,
And he said, "The strain of that sweet refrain
The world would pause to hear."

I have proved, alas, that his words were true,
For everyone lauds my name,
But life seems long since my heart's sweet song
I sold to the world for fame.

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A PRETTY PILFERER

You 've stolen the gold of the daisy's heart
To hide in your waving hair,
And the purple soul of the violet
To hide in your eyes you dare!
And the trailing arbutus' lovely pink,
With the Easter-lily's white,
Are prisoners in your rounded cheek,
But happy prisoners quite.

Oh, how can you who look so good,
Be such an arrant thief?
And is it true that you so fair
Can cause the flowers such grief?
Oh, pray repent your cruelty
And give the flowers their due!
You could not but be fair, sweet maid!
Will not your mischief rue! M. L. R.

THE STILL HUNT

Sing ho, my lads, for the queen of craft,
A lithesome birch canoe,
With her sides so thin, each puff of wind
Will thrill her through and through.
And ho, my boys, for the bending blade
Of a paddle, straight and true,
As we swiftly glide o'er the mirror tide
Of the deep and glistening blue.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Sing ho, my lads, for the huntsman's pride,
A gun of hardened steel,
With a mouth as cold as the deepmost hold
By a Spanish galleon's keel.
And ho, my lads, for the leaden tongue,
That darts, swift pain to deal,
'Midst a burning breath of hell's own death,
And a burst of thunder's peal.

Sing ho, my lads, for the antlered stag
That rears his royal head,
And, scouting harm, in wild alarm
Bounds for his forest bed.
And ho, for the singing ball, my lads,
That spills his life-blood red,
Till staring eyes turned to the skies
Proclaim the monarch dead.

Sing ho, my lads, for the hearth-fire's blaze,
And the roaring winds that blow ;
For the cups we drain to the glad refrain
Of a rollicking song or so.
And ho, my lads, for the toasts we drink,
To the joys that hunters know —
Thro' lake, o'er crag, to hunt the stag,
Sing ho, my lads, sing ho !

E. LYTTLETON FOX

TO AN OLD MINIATURE

Oh, pretty girl of years gone by,
Pray tell me, what 's your name ?
I 'll wager much you were a belle
Of old colonial fame.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Your nodding plumes and powdered hair,
And strings of pearls and lace,
As well you knew, but emphasize
The beauty of your face.

Of course you were a wicked flirt !
Oh, come now, don't deny it !
Those sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks
And pouting lips belie it.

Your winning ways, than bayonets,
Were surer far to kill ;
The fire of your eyes laid low
Heroes of Bunker Hill.

Our gallant generals hung upon
Your smiles of approbation.
You wretch, how dared you fascinate
The fathers of our nation ?

I wonder if you have a great-
Great-granddaughter like you.
With rosy cheeks and yellow hair,
And laughing eyes of blue

Perhaps as a gay débutante,
She is the queen of all,
Perhaps in college she 's the best
At golf and basket-ball.

Of this I 'm sure, if you and she
In features fair are one,
She breaks with ease the gallant heart
Of a modern Washington.

A. L. T.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

GOLF

Love and a maiden played at golf,
All on a summer's day;
The balls they used were maidens' hearts,
The clubs were Cupid's fearsome darts;
And merrily went the play.

Sweet, sweet was the song the robins sang,
And blue was the sky above;
The breeze swept over the daisied lea,
And turned it into a rippling sea,
While the maiden played with Love.

"Ah, Love!" the maiden cried in fear,
As Cupid raised his dart;
She watched the ball soar far away,
And all that weary, livelong day
She hunted for her heart.

W. A. D.

BON VOYAGE

Over the sunny sea,
The blithesome, summer sea,
Flashing in brilliant sheen, bright waves of beryl-green
Join in a joyous dance, gleam and glitter and glance
Under the dawn's first ray, ever gleefully play.
Over the sparkling sea,
Bon voyage, chérie!

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Over the moonlit sea,
From the mysterious sea,
Sea nymphs arise, with witching eyes,
Trying to woo you, sweet moonbeam, swift to fleet
Down through the slumbrous waves to their mystic moss-
hung caves.

Over the sorcerous sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

Over the stormy sea,
The raging, tumultuous sea,
Crashes the thunder through the black wonder
Of a Walpurgis-night. Oh, the terrible might
Of the mad, monster sea ! God's mercy with you be !

Over the seething sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

Over the silent sea,
The smooth, the shining sea,
Terror and tempest past, home is in sight at last ;
Tender lights in the west, opaline clouds at rest ;
As you draw nigh and nigher goal of your heart's desire.

Over the sunset sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

GRACE H. KNAPP

TODDLEKINS

I'm a-thinking of Polycon, dearie,
Of receptions and Theism, too,
But under it all runs a longing
For one little kiss from you.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

I walked in the afternoon sunshine
To think out a paper to write,
But you mix yourself up with my logic,
You naughty, wee slip of a mite !

And when it is very important
That I think out something to say
For a debate or a lecture or meeting
On some very important day

You rise up before me, dearie,
With your laughing, mocking eyes,
As if there were nothing important
In earth, nor stars, nor skies.

I think I'd get rid of this torment,
Get rid of this spirit or sprite
To see *really you* just a minute,
You naughty, wee slip of a mite !

And I wouldn't care *very* much, dearie,
If your stocking hung over your "hoo,"
Or the hug that you gave me was sticky, —
If it really and truly were you !

MAUD P. PINGREE

REST

I hear the hum of voices and the rustle of the leaves,
And trace the wavering patterns which the fickle sunshine
weaves,
And listen to the lapping of the water 'gainst the boat,
As we lie beneath the branches, and read and dream and
float.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The low breeze whispering softly, laden down with faint
perfume

Of woods and earth and water and apple-trees in bloom,
Plots, far up in the tree-tops, to take us by surprise,
And coax our dancing lovelocks into our drowsy eyes.

Deep in the cushions sink we, while the breeze grows
soft and low,

And rising, falling ripples sway us gently too and fro,
And the sunbeams pierce our eyelids now and then in
fitful gleams,

As from the land of springtime we drift into that of dreams.

M. B.

GOOD-BYE

She blew the dust of the holiday
From Goethe and Milton, Kant and Gray,
And thought how the weeks had stol'n away
Her summer.

She leaned on her oar in a quiet place,
With the slanting sunlight on her face,
And watched the day as it dimmed apace,
The last of summer.

She donned her senior cap and gown,
And thought of a blue frock folded down
With one rose, — slowly turning brown
Since summer.

O for the days by the green, glad sea,
The nights of music and mystery,
The roses and — all that used to be
With summer.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

HER LIGHT GUITAR

Her light guitar she sweetly plays,
With the sweetest witching little ways
Of smiling at me as I lie
Admiring her, and vainly try
To still the heart her beauty sways.

Her graceful form the fire's red rays
Encircle with a maddening maze
Of mellow light, — and richly dye
Her light guitar.

I would I knew of lover's lays
To sing her now, while glad she stays
Her song to make me sweet reply —
I rave — since riches, love and I
Uncared for are, whene'er she plays
Her light guitar.

LIMOND C. STONE

WHEN AT EVE YOU CAME

When you departed, dear, at dawn,
The morn grew twilight tender,
And changed, for one of ashen gray,
Her gown of crimson splendor;
When you departed, dear, at dawn,
Amid a farewell bitter sweet;
And all the clovers wept in dew
Along our little village street
When you departed, dear, at dawn.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

And when at eve you came again,
The glow of sunset lingered long;
The birds forgot the time o' day,
In singing you a welcome song;
When at eve, you came again,
The night departed, ere begun:
And pale sweet roses swayed, and smiled,
And turned to you as to the sun.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

THE HEROES OF EL CANEY

Away toward those dark blue mountains,
From out the threshold of night,
The moon looks down from the heavens,
Shedding a pale weird light;
Touching the faces of heroes
Who had passed from war's dark stain,
Across that deep, unknown river
Into the light again.
Those who had fought for another,
To give liberty from strife,
To save a land from destruction,
To renew a stronger life.

Not as avengers those heroes
Sleep in that tropical heat,
But their blood pour'd as an offering
Falls at a nation's feet.
Then hail to those noble warriors
Who gave their lives for a cause,
Whose glorious watchword was freedom,
Established by Heaven's laws.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Under thy shield, Columbia,
Crown them, forever, thine own ;
Those thy brave boys, who in Cuba
Seeds of freedom have sown.
Let our bright banner enfold them,
While Time wings its ceaseless way ;
Hold them in honor, ye people,
Thy sons and thy heroes for aye.

AUGUSTUS T. WYNKOOP

MY SUMMER LOVE

See her tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Dressed in duck so gay.
She 's the neatest,
She 's the sweetest
That ever passed this way.

She 's the finest,
And divinest,
Her form wins every time.
You can't coax
The little hoax,
For she knows she 's mine.

Always fast,
Never last.
And I love her — so would you.
She 's not the girl
Of golden curl,
She 's only my racing canoe.

ALFRED MAHLON WORSTALL

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

PATRINS

Wind of the west, go softly
Over the raging sea.
Wind of the east, go swiftly,
And carry a message for me.

Wind of the north, breathe lightly
Across the mighty main.
Wind of the south, blow gently,
Singing a soft refrain.

Protect, O winds of the ocean,
The ship that is sailing to-day,
Quiet the mighty billows
That are bearing my friend away.

Blow lovingly, winds, blow gently,
Bear her safely o'er the sea,
And then, oh winds, I pray thee
Bring back her message to me. N. C. B.

A BALLADE OF WINTER

When sleigh-bells chime on the frosty air,
And ever faster the white roads slide
Under the hoofs of my lusty pair,
While the cutter sways to their swinging stride,
And up in the sky where the light clouds ride
The moon shines clear on the sparkling wold,—
With laughing Helen at my side
What care I for the winter's cold?

IN COLLEGE DAYS

The ring of skates on the glassy bay,
And the joyous thrill of the power to glide
Here and there as our fancies stray,
Over the depths where our oars have plied,
The broad, still breast of the frozen tide
And the flood of the sunset's rosy gold,
And laughing Helen at my side —
What care I for the winter's cold ?

When swift flakes dash on the window-pane,
And we hear the storm in its savage pride,
And the wild night wind as it chafes in vain
To find the reach of its power defied,
When flames leap up on the hearthstone wide,
And the genial cheer makes my heart grow bold,
With laughing Helen at my side
What care I for the winter's cold ?

L'ENVOI

So shall it be as the swift years glide ;
Hearts so merry can scarce grow old.
With laughing Helen at my side
What care I for the winter's cold ?

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

WEARYING

When departing day hath taken
All its colors from the west,
When thy loving tasks forsaken,
Thou hast also sought thy rest,

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Angels then that 'round thee hover
Tender thoughts and feelings bring,
And the longings of thy lover,
Waiting, Love, and wearying.

When more graceful than the willow
Thou hast bent in suppliant prayer,
And ere sleep hath with thy pillow
Shared the touch of silken hair,
Should thy bosom then discover
Yearnings that no tongue can sing,
Think of me, thy distant lover,
Waiting, Love, and wearying.

Though a tired day hath only
Left its burden for my song,
Never seemed the night more lonely,
Nor the restless hours so long.
But my heart, Love, seeks no other,
All my soul to thee must cling,
I am still thy faithful lover,
Waiting, Love, and wearying. SIBLEY

THE SOLDIER'S TOAST

We are met on the eve of the battle,
As sons of a brave land should ;
And to-morrow — who recks of to-morrow ?
For the songs and the wine are good ;
And our comrades' laughter is round us,
And regret is a thing apart.
So come ! to the song of the glasses —
I drink to the girl of my heart !

IN COLLEGE DAYS

You will toast to a happier fortune,
To the end of endless wars ;
You will toast to the land that bore us,
And her fair, far-fluttering stars.
And never a heart but will quicken
As the dear, old songs upstart ;
But I pledge to tenderer memories —
I drink to the girl of my heart !

By your thoughts in the clear, calm midnight,
With you and your God alone ;
By your dreams in the hush of summer ;
By the prayers you have never known ;
By the name of some girlish playmate ;
By the love no seas can part,
I charge you to drink to the toast of toasts —
I drink to the girl of my heart !

RALPH S. THOMPSON

A BUCCANEER OF HEARTS

I knew a little lover once, a flirt of wink and wile,
Who went a-sailing out to sea upon a fickle smile —
The shallop of a smile, my lads, a sea of pink champagne —
He swaggered forth to terrorize the sentimental main.

Of stick-pins all the masts were built, the sails were made
of dreams,
And in the hold from stem to stern were stores of choco-
late creams —
Great stacks of chocolate creams, my lads, to feed their
ladyships ;
He dined upon a kiss or two served up with Vin de Lips.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The wheel a wee engagement ring, the breeze his passionate
sighs
At setting sail from each fair port with lingering good-
byes —
Heart-rending, sad good-byes, my lads, enough to last, 't is
said,
Until some other Siren Isle was sighted dead ahead.

The ropes were made of strands of hair he 'd found upon
his coat ;
His log in female hand was writ on many a tear-stained
note ;
On filmy, crumpled notes, my lads, are told the hundred
marts
Of beauty he'd besieged and sacked, this buccaneer of
hearts.

He was the captain and the mate, the pilot and the crew ;
At every port he sank his craft and built it all anew,
A brand-new smile and sails, my lads, and eke the ropes
and mast —
The spoils his latest conquest left another day to last.

And thus he sailed the crumple sea and strummed on old
guitars ;
At night he trod the chocolate land and bayed the dizzy
stars —
'Mid dancing, swooning stars, my lads, beneath a casement
gray,
He wooed a languorous lady-love till night was splashed
with day.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

But woe, alas, and lack-a-day, the sentimental art ;
He met a Grecian statue once — she had a marble heart ;
A Parian marble heart, my lads, and cheek devoid of
bloom —

The buccaneer pulled down his flag and sailed away in
gloom.

He beat his breast and tore his hair, swore thunderous
oaths and grim ;
Great clouds of sail he bent and sped unto the Ocean's
brim —

The mighty Ocean's brim, my lads, he reached at dark
and soon

A monstrous billow dashed his bark upon the rising moon.

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

AT THE CROSSING

A little brook that ripples in the sunlight,—
Stepping stones to cross it, two or three,
Pretty maiden standing on the border,
Cupid hiding in a leafy tree.

Youth comes through the wood a-whistling gayly,
Smiles, the pretty maiden there to see,
Stretches out his hand to help her over,—
Cupid strings his bow in silent glee.

Arrow flies and strikes the shining water,
Maiden gains the shore and does not see,
Youth goes on a-whistling through the meadows,
Cupid weeps that such a thing should be.

FLORENCE GERTRUDE PERKINS

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

BROTHER TOPER

(A Song for the Eve of Thanksgiving)

Brother Toper, sit you down ;
Here between us place the wine,
Red as roses newly blown,
As a lily's soul divine.
Brother Toper, fill your cup ;
(Life is brimming full of woe.)
Pour the wine and drink it up ;
There is peace in every sup —
Wise are we that know !

Brother Toper, here's my hand !
Do you mind when first we met ?
It was in a merry band
O'er the wine. How then forget !
Brother Toper, what are years
Seen across the sun-rise glow
Of the wine cup ? Brief as tears !
Wine will banish years and fears —
Wise are we that know !

Brother Toper, I would fain
Hear your rousing song once more ;
We shall be a merry twain.
Till Day hammers on the door !
Brother Toper, song and sup
Pilfer life of half his woe !
(Sing the song and brim the cup ;
Pour the wine and drink it up !)
Wise are we that know !

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Brother Toper, fill anew ;
Here between us dwells the wine.
In its flood I drink to you,
Do you so — to me and mine.
Brother Toper, day is chill
But the night is bright aglow.
(Pour the wine and drink your fill ;
It will banish every ill.)
Wise are we that know !

Brother Toper, life is brief ;
Sleep is lingering and long.
Death is but an arrant thief !
Steals the soul amid a song !
Brother Toper, then be gay ;
Let the crimson vintage flow.
Should he come for thine to-day,
Wine will cheer thee on the way —
Wise are we that know !

Brother Toper, you are cold,
And your eyes are void of sight,
And your face is wan and old —
It was as a boy's to-night !
Brother Toper, life has flown,
Just as dawn begins to show !
Well, the next may be my own.
Life is far too short to moan —
Wise are we that know !

RICHARD RAY KIRK

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

IF LIFE WERE A BANQUET

If Life were a banquet and Beauty were wine

And Being the cup to contain it,

What duty had man save at ease to recline,

Drink deeply and never disdain it?

If Life were a banquet and Beauty were wine

And Being the cup to contain it!

If Life were a Banquet and Glory were wine

And Pain were the strong bowl that held it,

Would any man pause ere he quaffed, or repine

At the cost, though his heart's blood had swelled it?

If Life were a banquet and Glory were wine

And Pain were the strong bowl that held it!

If Life were a banquet and Love were the wine

And pure lips alone touched the chalice,

What soul would refuse for a draft so divine

To purge itself wholly from malice!

But Life *is* a banquet and Love *is* the wine

And pure lips alone touch the chalice!

JOSEPHINE A. CASS

VIOLETS

Violets, beating thy little, warm hearts

Under the spring-nearing sun,

Bursting in beautiful blue,

Making a consummate hue,

Tender and graciously true,

Come.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Slumbering long 'neath the winter's cold reign,
Waiting the knock at the door,—
Child of the serf and the free,
Painting both hillside and lea,
Telling of *one* true to me,
Come.

Come to the palace-hall far in the north,
Come to the cot in the south,
Open thy petals to age and to youth,
Open thy petals for hope and for truth.

Trembling the beggar will pluck thee and look
Homeward and motherward, heavenward, too ;
Gently the maiden will seek thee and sigh,
Hoping that *he* in her love will rely ;
Sorrowing mothers will gather thee wild,
Trusting to *thy* care their earth-weary child.

CHARLES M. BEST

BACCALAUREATE HYMN

AIR — ALFORD

We praise Thee, God our Father,
For all Thy guiding power,
Which through the years has led our feet
And guarded every hour ;
We thank Thee for the bounty
With which those years were stored ;
Oh may we see Thy loving hand,
And praise Thee, Christ our Lord.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

We trust Thee, God our Father,
We trust our lives to Thee,
That Thou wilt guide them to the end
Which Thou alone canst see.
The path unknown before us
Unless Thou light afford ;
Oh may we see Thy loving hand,
And trust Thee, Christ our Lord.

We pray Thee, God our Father,
To make our lives complete ;
The work we only plan, make, Lord,
For Thy great glory meet ;
And when in life immortal
We sing Thy name adored,
We still shall bless Thy loving hand,
And praise Thee, Christ our Lord.

MARY E. LEVERETT

A TOKEN

It falls as from a silken nest
To meet my vandal fingers,
A treasured love-tale half expressed ;
And where its folds have graced her breast
A fading perfume lingers.

A half-felt memory of its past,
A dimly forming fancy
Of tender secrets long amassed,
Of whispered loves disclosed at last,
Reveal its necromancy.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Perhaps a garden queen was she,
Where every breeze that fanned her,
Ambrosial breath from over sea,
Delayed to dally with shrub and tree,
With the rose and oleander.

A fragile porcelain-painted maid
Enshrined in dainty setting
Of puffs and flounces, soft brocade,
Patches and fans, — devices made
For loving or coquetting.

Such fancies from a bit of lace
Like harbinger supernal
Of thoughts unuttered — endless grace,
For though forgot are form and face,
Its message is eternal !

ERNEST HAUSBERG

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

Faintly the music sounds afar ;
Softly the waltz falls, bar after bar ;
Lightly the tap of the dancing feet ;
Dimly the laughter their silence does meet.
She stands under the mistletoe bough :
Do you think it wrong ? I cannot tell how
It happened, but then, without a doubt
You'll understand how it came about.
She is so sweet, so tiny and fair, —
Her dear face upturned, with its halo of hair,
Innocent eyes of the deep, deepest blue,
I couldn't resist her either, could you ?

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

The lights are so low, it is almost dark;
Possibly I am mistaken, but hark!
My eyes may deceive me, that I know,
But my ears are good, they would never do so.
She is clasped in his arms; of that I am sure.
Can I not be deceived? My Lady demure!
But Grandfather's kiss on Grandmother's brow
Was no tenderer years ago than now.

SARA AGNES RIDDELL

WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO SHINE

In the evening, just at twilight,
When the stars begin to shine,
And their first faint, dancing twinkle
Tells us of the day's decline;
Then I love to sit in silence,
While the darkness gathers round,
Letting all my wayward fancies
In the long ago abound.

For amid the thousand visions
That are then so sure to rise
Comes a single reminiscence,
Ever present to my eyes;
And it always brings me solace,
Should my heart for love repine,
Brings to me a long-past gladness—
When the stars begin to shine,

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Those, indeed are happy moments,
Though I hold it true, with time
We are prone to nurse a sorrow
Till it grows into a crime;
Still, sometimes a moment's pleasure
Compensates for hermit years;
Though there oft may come the moment
When our solace is but tears.

So when evening shadows lengthen,
Though the seas between us roll,
And the years have dimmed my memory,
I am near her — soul to soul.
For I know that in the distance,
When there comes the day's decline,
She is also sadly musing—
When the stars begin to shine.

JOSEPH R. HAMILTON

SONG

HE SPEAKS

Blow, blow,
Over the ocean,
Wind of the evening,
Wind of the west.
Whisper low;
Bring you a message over the sea?
Bring you word from my true love to me?
Say have you seen her, my love, my sweet—
Golden hair and merry blue eye,
Long silken lashes that coyly meet?
Does she still think on the days gone by?

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Does she love me — she whom I love best?
Yes? or no?
Whisper it low,
Wind of the evening, wind of the west.

SHE SPEAKS

Blow, blow,
Softly and slowly,
Wind of the evening,
Wind of the west,
Whisper low.
Wander the wide world over and over,
Till you find me my own true lover.
Tell him the ocean is dark and wide,
Ah! will he ever return to my side?
Can he think I would say him nay?
Him, the bravest of lovers, and best?
Soft and low
Whisper him no,
Wind of the evening, wind of the west.

ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD

A TOAST

Come, fill me a brimming bumper,
For I've one or more toast to drink,
Ere fair night sinks to her slumber
And the stars begin to sink.

Then tip the bumpers upwards,
Leave not a drop in sight,
To one another — and one another
Is the toast I drink to-night.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

BOATING SONG

We sing the song of the boat and oar,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho ;
As we launch our shells from off the shore,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho ;
With measured dip and steady clip we glide along,
Our pulses leap to the rhythmic sweep that marks our song,
And "all together" we "catch" and "feather" and "lift
 her strong,"
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho.

CHORUS

*The flashing blade and gliding shell for me ;
Ye ho, we go, so swift and free ;
The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me.*

At Alma Mater's shrine we vow,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, ye ho, ye ho ;
That the laurel wreath shall crown her brow,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho ;
Or now we leap with bending sweep the river's tide ;
For a noble class and a bonnie lass, and victory our guide ;
Who never shall wait to see us late across the line to glide,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho.

CHORUS

*The flashing blade and gliding shell for me ;
Ye ho, we go, so swift and free ;
The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me.*

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

As adown the stream of time we go,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, ye ho, ye ho ;
While zephyrs breathe or tempests blow,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho ;
For the manly strife of college life our hearts will yearn,
And ever to Wultuna's slope our thoughts will turn ;
Then *deï πρὸς τὸ τέλος*, till the "finish" we discern,
 Ye ho, lads, ho, yeo ho.

THE MANDOLIN

It is a dainty thing, I ween,
 Of ivory pegs and silver strings,
And rounded case, with softened sheen
 Of polished wood. 'Mid scatterings
Of silk and wool, whose soft scent brings
 Quick memories, it lies within
The window seat, where sunshine clings,—
 My little Polly's mandolin.

An envied thing it is, when seen
 In Polly's hand as Polly sings,
And looks on me with scornful mien ;
 For I hear nought of queens and kings
And all the other paltry things
 Of which she trills, while o'er the din
Of crowded streets, its echo swings, —
 My little Polly's mandolin.

Forgive her, she is but fifteen ;
 Forget the saucy way she flings
Her tangled curls the strings between.
 The music, tangled too, takes wings

IN COLLEGE DAYS

And only jangling discord rings
Within the window seat. Akin
In its changing moods to twenty springs
Is little Polly's mandolin.

ENVOY

E'en now I hear its murmurings,
Though still it lies. Is it a sin
To love it, though it bears love's stings, —
My little Polly's mandolin?

R. C.

A GYPSY LULLABY

Down amid the whispering grain,
(Swinging low — soft and low)
Where the bending poppies blow,
(Blowing red — nodding slow)
For thy stars, the fireflies' gleaming,
Nestling winds to lull thy dreaming,
Baby mine, Baby mine.

When the fleecy clouds blow chilly,
(Blowing pale — drifting low)
Drift where branches swing snow-laden,
(Swinging slow, — hushed and low)
For thy stars, the embers glowing,
From thy father's camp-fire blowing,
Baby mine, Baby mine.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

A DILEMMA

"Come in Tommy, take a pipe,
There's my brier on the shelf;
Tobacco's in the yellow jar,
That's the one, now help yourself."

"Thank you, Jack, I guess I will,
Say, old man, I'm in a scrape;
Went to call on Nell last night,
Now I'm pinned, there's no escape.

"I've known Nell for quite a while,
Rather likes me, I like her,
Same old story, only friends;
Jove, I only wish we were.

"You know how it is, old boy;
We alone, no one around,
Jolly parlor, lamp turned low;
Could n't help it, I'll be bound.

"Sort of fairyland, you see,
Fire-light dancing on the wall,
And I fairly lost my head;
Popped the question, that is all."

"Well, that's good, what did she do—
Laugh or freeze you? I can't guess."

"No, Jack, worse than that, old man,
She looked up and answered 'Yes.'"

L. W. S.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

IF YOU WHISPER

If you but whisper I shall hear,
Tho' long seas betwixt us lie ;
If you but whisper I shall hear,
Tho' desert sands stretch white and drear,
Or unclimb'd mountains reach the sky —
If you but whisper I shall hear.

And if you call across the main
I'll straightway sail to you again ;
Or over deserts hasten home,
If you will only bid me come ;
Or cross the highest hill of all
To come to you — if you but call.

RICHARD RAY KIRK

DOLORES

Through the streets of fair Sevilla
Roams the happy Gypsy maid ;
Blithe she singeth, lithe she danceth,
'Neath the orange's welcome shade.
Care she feels not, sorrow knows not,
Free as air, as ocean's foam,
'Neath the blue arch of the heavens
Is the dark-eyed maiden's home.

*O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
Singing to thy light guitar,
O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
O Dolores, Zingara !*

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Oleanders pink with clusters,
Sage green of the olive tree,
Waving branches, flitting sunlight,
Make a picture fit for thee:
Slender ankles, brown and shapely,
Wondrous tresses, dark as night,
Graceful form in every movement,
Scarlet bodice, skirt of white.

*O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
Dancing to the light guitar,
O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
O Dolores, Zingara !*

Now she comes with soft voice pleading,
List ! " Por l'amor de Dios " ;
Ah, Senora, how bewitching,
And a glittering coin we toss,
Then again for us she danceth,
Throwing high her lovely arms,
Fluttering like a bird its plumage,
Giving glimpses of her charms.

*O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
Dancing to the light guitar,
O Dolores, Gypsy maiden,
O Dolores, Zingara !*

Ah, Sevilla, we must leave thee,
" Adios," to sunny Spain ;
Daughter of the dark Gitanos
We may see thee ne'er again.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Pepper trees with scarlet berries,
Cactus hedges, olives green,
Just between thy wrinkling shadows
Is the little Gypsy seen.

*Ah, Dolores, thou art weeping,
Weeping by thy light guitar;
"Adios," O Gypsy maiden,
O Dolores, Zingara!*

JOSEPHA VIRGINIA SWEETSER

REUNION

Swords of the snow-clad Northland,
Swords of the rose-clad South,
Braving as one of the foeman,
Daring the cannon's mouth,

Ye tell the end of the story
Written in letters of blood,
When against sons of the Northland
Sons of the Southland stood.

Ye tell how in fire of battle
Perished the Stars and Bars;
But the flames they fed shed glory
Anew on the Stripes and Stars.

And the fame of the Gray that perished,
And the fame of the Blue that won,
Are yours, ye swords of the Northland
And swords of the Southern sun.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Then, where the battle surges,
Together flash on the foe,
Guarding the starry banner
Wherever it chance to go.

And men of the North who die there,
For you shall the Southland weep,
And roses of rich magnolia
Shall bury your ashes deep.

And men of the South whose life-blood
Is straining the Cuban earth,
The Northland shall mourn and bless you
As children of her own birth.

And thou great united nation,
Whose sons thus die for thee,
Born of the Gray that perished
And the Blue of victory,

Thou shalt cherish alike in glory,
Thou shalt honor alike the name
Of the sons of the South and the Northland,
That die for thy flag and thy fame.

ODE TO TOBACCO

When friends seem cold
And the world looks blue,
When the day is done
And my work is through,
When the deepening shadows of the night
Steal softly through the lessening light,
When melancholia comes to me
In rings of smoke, I bid her flee.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

When thoughts of home
Come to my mind,
Of friendships dear
And parents kind,
Sweet thoughts of Love, of pleasures past,
Which evermore in memory last,
In easy chair, my pipe so dear,
Makes bygone happiness seem near.

When I would write
And thoughts won't come,
When pen is slow
And brain is numb,
When every subject seems abstruse,
And I in vain invoke my Muse,
All inspiration seems afar
Until I light my good cigar.

When things in general
All go wrong,
When Hope is faint
And Care is strong,
When life seems almost not worth while,
When all is frowns without a smile,
When I'm inclined to fume and fret,
'T is then I love my cigarette.

Then hail Tobacco,
Man's best friend,
No sweeter gift
The gods could send ;
No dearer boon discovered yet
Than pipe, cigar or cigarette.

O. B. S.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

AT MIDNIGHT MASS

At midnight mass the very air
A charmed import seems to bear
That stifles sorrow in each breast,
And glads with joy the sin-oppressed ;
The vox humana's note of praise
Swell's upward as sweet voices raise
— While tears unbid the eyesight dim —
That grand old mediæval hymn :

*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla ;
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

*Tuba, mirum, spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

Upon the altar twinkling blaze
Unnumbered jets ; the censer sways ;
Each head is bowed in mute appeal
The sombre priests in silence kneel ;
A sweet bell rings ; athwart the gloom
Peals forth again that note of doom :

*Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.*

*Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !*

R. W. TAFT

IN COLLEGE DAYS

AVE MARIA

The lingering flush of day's last blush
Is lost in the shadows falling :
While sweet and low, and soft and slow,
The vesper chimes are calling.
An evening hymn which faintly breathes
In its golden tones, a silent prayer,
From out the great cathedral dome
Drifts through the summer air.

In the throng below, as they come and go,
Men pause in their hurried turning ;
And a sigh of rest swells in each breast
To cool the heart's dull burning.
"Ave Maria !" O song divine !
Bearing away life's load of care
On the dying strain, as it fades away
Upon the evening air.

HOEIN' CORN BEFOR' DE WAR

Ise a hoein' out de corn fiel'
De briers, weeds an' sich —
Ise makin' niggers walk about
Ez ef I had a switch ;
Ise callin' up de water boy,
He's steppin' long right keen —
Ise makin' all de niggers chop
De wust you's eber seen.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Ole massa tol' me when I hoed
To cut de weeds out fas'
An' watch de coons who 's slackin' up
An' always gits out las';
He said dat ef de wuck went right,
An' all de corn war hoed,
De nigs 'ud get a holiday,
To go to Gunn's cross-road.

Dey has a gre't big meetin' thar,
Us folks am out in fo'ce —
De melons ripe am piled up high,
Dem preachers sings us hoa'se;
So hurry up wid dis here job,
An' when I blows dis horn,
We 'll go down to that gatherin'
Ez sure ez you is born.

AFTERWARD

I 've left college and you 're still there,
Spending money while I am saving,
But once in a while we two meet where
The steps lead down from the city paving,
And there we talk of the life each knows,
The sun and wind of the college weather;
We three friends, while the evening goes,
You and Pilsner and I together.

Pilsner's a jolly, congenial chap,
Surnamed Schlitz, and found wherever
They keep the best of this world on tap, —
Sparkling always, unpleasant never;

IN COLLEGE DAYS

And what if he really crossed the sea,
Or is native-born, who cares a feather,
So long as he makes our number three,
You and Pilsner and I together?

I went out into life last May,
Only a space, but it seems much longer,
Change comes quick when one goes away,
Pleasures weaken and cares grow stronger;
And so, when chatting again are we,
I doubt a little and wonder whether
This means to you what it does to me,—
You and Pilsner and I together.

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

TO SALLY

Young Cupid, flying out one day,
Got caught in Sally's tresses,
And as he could not get away,
His love he now confesses.

The naughty maiden, for her sport,
Keeps him in bondage there,
And laughs to think of having love
Entangled in her hair.

O Cupid, break your golden bars!
She keeps you for a toy,
She's waiting for a man, my dear,
You're nothing but a boy!

W. C. L.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

IN THE COLLEGE CHURCH

Day-wearied, gloomy with doubt-whisperings,
Life seeming but a dreary, useless round,
I sought the college church at sunset hour.

The golden light through choir windows streamed
With softened glow, and resting tenderly
On pillar, arch and wall it seemed to bear,
In rays of dying day, God's messages :
A sweet renewal to the silent church
Of tender consecration and of love.

And soft, the solemn twilight stillness through,
Stole organ chords, so low, so tender-sweet,
They seemed the twilight's self in spirit song,
The answer of a perfect peace on earth
To heaven's blessing in the sunset given.
They stilled doubt-whispers in my troubled heart,
They gave me share in that God-given peace.

And then, the last light fading, suddenly
The organ's soul awoke to grander song,
Swelled louder, louder in majestic praise,
Till walls took up the echo, and above
The dark roof-vaulting joined the mighty song ;
Swelled louder, louder, in grand harmony
Of crashing chords : the joy of victor's strife,
The gladness of a service heaven-crowned,
The wonder of a love that understands,
The glory and the strength of human life.
And my own heart took up the harmony,
And sang in strength and peace the praise of God.

E. H. W.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A BALLAD OF BOHEMIA

A broken pipe, a foil or two
Suspended from the barren wall,
Perhaps a faded *billet-doux*,
A tattered mask and that is all !
These are the crumbs the Fates let fall
From nightly feasts Olympian,
The sole mementos that recall
Those palmy days Bohemian !

I watched these tawdry trophies of
An hundred frolic nights and days,
Seasons of youth and life and love
And wassail, wine and strange *entrees* ;
And somehow in the gathering haze
To such strange thoughts my fancies ran,
I saw pass by in strange array
A troop of ghosts Bohemian !

Voila Collette ! Of old, divine
(Not now I fear !) devoid of frill ;
And Michelet for whose good wine
We never, never paid the bill !
Even as he passed me, palsied, still,
He seemed with care my face to scan.
I thank the gods that when I think
He 's but a ghost Bohemian !

The vision passes ! Yet again
I glimpse the laughter of those nights
When care did not exist and when
Earth was not barren of delights.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Propriety but ill requites
An abstinence Carthusian,
And leaves her votaries hungry for
Those palmy days Bohemian!

ENVOY

Prince, give to me mandragora
To banish from me if it can
The memory of those days agone,
Those palmy days Bohemian!

COMMENCEMENT

Joyous frivolity, laughter and jollity,
Strolls about town with a "Girl that I know;"
Gay gowns and laces, merry young faces,
Couples in alcoves talking quite low.

Receptions and dances, tenderest glances,
Or blue eyes that laugh as they look up at you;
'Til, her arm on your shoulder, you feel a bit bolder,
And stroll on the steps in spite of the dew.

A sheepskin diploma, a solemn aroma
Of learning forgot in your Sophomore year;
Perhaps an oration: — "The Fate of the Nation,"
Written in haste now Commencement is here.

This is the sum of it, who cares what come of it
So ye but dance while the springtide is here?
Then it's up with frivolity, laughter and jollity;
Hey for Commencement the crown of the year!

CHAUNCEY MARSH GOODRICH

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE LAST GOOD-BY

The music is hushed in the night, boy,
The crowds from the booths are gone,
The moon on the canvas is white, boy,
We stand in the Quad alone ;
The lanterns that pointed the eaves, boy,
Catch fire, blaze a moment, and die,
For it's now that the pioneer leaves, boy,—
He has come to his last good-by.

I welcomed the fairy-like change, boy,
For somehow it made me feel
Relieved that the place should seem strange, boy,—
The heartache was all too real,
For a man cannot help feeling shame, boy,
And yet I'd have had to cry
If the old Quad had looked just the same, boy,
When it came to the last good-by.

I told her good-night at the hall, boy,
Where often I've said it before ;
We knew 't was the end of it all, boy,
The old walks would know us no more ;
And still, though I'll never forget, boy,
That soft little parting sigh,
I knew in my heart that not yet, boy,
Came the worst of this last good-by.

The girls are all right in their place, boy,
And doubtless we both of us show
The power of a feminine grace, boy,
That has bettered us both, we know ;

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

But after these four glad years, boy,
What co-ed attachment can vie
With the love of us two Pioneers, boy,
In the Quad for our last good-by?

The fun and the folly of youth, boy;
We have shared to the full, we two, —
The thirst of the heart after truth, boy,
I have felt it and followed, with you;
And now the companionship ends, boy,
The manifold meanings that lie
In the depths of the words "college friends," boy,
Make holy this last good-by.

To-morrow we go to the Gym, boy,
And then we are done with it all;
I'll warrant the place will be dim, boy,
When we've answered that last roll-call.
Then, here, with our hands gripped tight, boy,
In the dear old Quad, you and I,
Let us tell it together, "Good-night," boy,
God bless it forever, — Good-by!

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

ELVES OF SONG

Fairy elves of song are singing,
Spirits as the breezes free,
In the early morning ringing
Their enchanting minstrelsy —
"Follow, follow, follow me,
And my song thine own shall be."

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Tremulous flowers that haunt the wood-land,
'Neath the sombre pine trees gay,
Whispering to these spirits of song-land,
Chant unspoken notes for aye —
 " Follow, follow, follow me,
 And my song thine own shall be."

Brooklets over mountains gleaming,
Feel this phantom music near,
In the peace of twilight dreaming,
Soft their rippling echoes bear —
 " Follow, follow, follow me,
 And my song thine own shall be."

Far thro' vale and over highland
I will rise and follow on,
Till my heart at last be elf-land,
Till its ceaseless notes be won —
 For I followed, followed thee,
 Mine at length the song shall be.

LEWIS LADD BRASTOW

THE SWIMMIN' HOLE

You have to leave the main road
And wander down the lane
That winds through smiling meadows
And fields of waving grain.
Then cut across the pasture
To a little rising knoll,
And when you reach the top of that
You see the swimmin' hole.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

That squirrel-haunted elm-tree
That overhangs the pool
Resounds with merry laughter
Of boys just out of school,
As they frolic in its branches
Or down the bankment roll,
And the air is filled with music
In that merry swimmin' hole.

There may be fairer places
But I'm sure they're far away,
And they don't seem half so lovely
On a sultry summer day.
And although it's no use wishing,
Still I wish with all my soul
I could once more splash the water
In the good old swimmin' hole.

CHESTER M. PRATT

PRISCILLA

In the old drawing-room, o'er the broad chimney-place,
A painting is hung in a tarnished gilt frame
Of a maid with blue eyes, with a sad, pensive face, —
'T is the maid with the old-fashioned Puritan name.

As she peeps from her cap in her shy, pretty way,
When so quaintly she's dressed in her kerchief and
gown,
What a pity, I think, that she lived in a day
When a kiss was against the blue laws of the town.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

And can naught bring a smile to that face, sad and cold !
Must her glances thus pensive forever remain ?
Ah ! — to-day from the garret a spinning-wheel old
Has been placed in the parlor beneath the old frame.

And to-night as I sat in the dim-lighted room,
From her background she seemed for a moment to
steal,
And a song and a smile robed her face of its gloom
As the treadle she trod of her old spinning-wheel.

FAIR FLORIDA

Under the azure sky,
Fanned by the warm-breathing air,
There 's where I 'm longing to be —
In the south-land, lovely and fair.
' Mid the magnolia blooms,
' Mong the orange trees white,
Dizzy with their perfume
That exhales with the dew of night.
There, in the whippoorwill's home,
There, where the mocking-bird sings,
Filling the night with rich song,
As he flies with soft whirring of wings.
Where love and fancies and dreams,
And romance still hold the sway ;
There 's where I 'm longing to be —
In the south-land, happy and gay.

MABEL H. TIBBOTT

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

VOICES

When I see the ships a-riding
 In our bay-like river's stream,
When I hear the cables' rattle,
 And the boatswain's whistle scream,
When I hear the cordage creaking,
 And the bell's half-hourly chime
Feelings well-nigh lost flit o'er me,
 Wisps of dreams from boyhood's time.

Then I heard alluring voices,
 Siren voices from the sea,
As all seaport lads have heard them,
 Crying "Here's the life for thee!"
But I faltered until plainly
 Other course is mine to be,
And the luring siren voices
 Sound but faintly now to me.

Faintly when the ships are riding,
 In our bay-like river's stream,
Faintly 'mid the cables' rattle,
 And the boatswain's whistle's scream,
Faintly 'mid the cordage creaking,
 And the bell's half-hourly chime,
Faintly — they have lost their power,
 Echoes out of boyhood's time.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

RONDEAU

The play is done, and all the show
Is hid by curtain sinking slow,
 The mournful viols no longer sing,
 The flutes are mute, and mute each string, —
The audience its way doth go.

The Lights do burn but dim and low,
And they who jested to and fro
 Have vanished, were they serf or king ;
 The play is done.

Friend, when we find that we outgrow
All this mere pleasure and mere woe,
 The play that seemed a tawdry thing
 May have a new and wiser ring —
And then at length we 'll sadly know
 The play is done.

TRIFLERS

A whirl of skirts and a lightsome laugh,
Red lips, curled in a tempting bow,
Brown eyes' challenge, provoking, sweet —
I stooped in a moment and kissed you so.
 *(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall,
 And a kiss is a trifle, after all.)*

A trifle, surely, but tell me, pray,
What have you done with my earnest plan
To "live for the good of the human race,"
To "think and work for my fellow-man."

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Last night it mastered my every wish,
And never a trace of it now I find ;
'T is vanished and gone like a sun-spel mist,
And naught finds dwelling in heart or mind

Save the haunting gleam of a curly head
And a mischievous, mocking, girlish face,
And an echo of laughter, trilling out
In eerie music about the place.

How should I know that soft, warm lips
Could wield such perilous, ruthless might ?
And you — are dancing with someone else,
The kiss and its giver forgotten quite.
*(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall,
And a kiss is a trifle, after all.)*

A DREAM OF A DAY

Love came over the hills one day
With step as free as a woodland fawn,
And the flowers opened along his way,
But the blind world called it dawn.

Love sat down by a wayside spring,
Wearied and spent too soon, too soon,
And the birds in the trees forgot to sing —
But the blind world called it noon.

Love went over the hills again,
Clutching the last torn shreds of light,
And the blossoms fell in a sudden rain —
But the blind world called it night.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

THE MASQUERADE

A MEMORY

*The wintry winds blow wild without,
But in the hall 't is all alight ;
'T is mirth and music all about :
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The music rang in prelude sweet ;
And Bo-Peep with her shepherd's crook,
The gallant Mephistopheles,
Low bowing, as his partner took
And led the march adown the hall ;
While lads and lassies, two and two,
Around, about, and in and out,
The circling figure followed through.

*What though the winds blow wild without ?
Within the hall 't is all alight ;
'T is mirth and music all about :
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The student grave in gown of black,
The Gypsy girl with tambourine,
The farmer with his carpet-bag,
The Grecian maiden, here are seen.
Sir Walter Raleigh passes by :
The Mexic girl, with hair of brown ;
The fair illusion, " Marjory Daw " ;
The pop-corn girl ; the nimble clown.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

'T is March and Circle, Lancers gay,
The dreamy Waltz, the Polka's glide,
And "Tucker" with its romp and rout,
Or Schottische with its trip and slide;
The Portland Fancy's merry whirl,
The Waltz again, or Two-Step light,
'T is mirth and music all about :
We hold our masquerade to-night.

And figures fair and figures brave
Flit through the gay enchanted scene :
Quaint Mother Goose in scarlet gown,
The guardsmen with their gallant mien,
The wood-nymph and the flower-girl,
The major with moustaches gray,
"Old Uncle S.," in starry vest,
The Georgian, and the jester gay.

*What though the winds blow wild without ?
Within the hall 't is all alight ;
'T is mirth and music all about :
We hold our masquerade to-night.*

The witching hours wane too soon,
The music dies with lingering strain,
The dancers leave the world of dreams
To live the world of life again.
Oh, many a wintry wind has blown,
And many a masker far has strayed,
But still, 'mid memories sweet, we own
The glamor of that masquerade.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON MASON

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A SONG

Come, drink to the dying year,
And drink to the dying day,
And drink to all that is past,
And all that is passing away.

*For what is life but a song,
To sing what way you will?
Come, choose us a merry tune then;
Tell hastening time be still.*

So hush the voice of your heart and mine,
For their speech brings only pain,
Shut your ears to misery's call
And let the hag knock in vain.

*For one short hour be merry,
Forget there's more of life;
To-morrow brings the struggle,
The care and the ceaseless strife.*

Then crown the beaker with garlands,
And put your lips to the brim,
And drink to undying beauty,
And eyes that never grow dim;

*And drink to the happy-go-lucky;
Hurrah for the end of strife!
Here's to all that's merry and happy;
Forget there is more of life.*

X.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

CHRISTMAS, 1899

Mixed incontinent in the slough of War
British and Boer strive mightily for place.
Rivals by nature and in pride of race,
The feud is hard-fought, bitter to the core.
On that remote and desolated shore
Let there, amid the smoke and flame, be space
For striving souls to see the veiled God's face—
A time of quiet 'mid the cannon's roar.

On this revered, all-hallowed Christmas night
May they a common, lasting kinsman claim,
A bond of reconciliation find;
Pay thanks to Him who gave this dark world light,
Grow deaf to feud, to lustful pillage blind,
And join in praise of one mysterious name.

JAMES OWEN TRYON

IN THE COLD, COLD WORLD

We were jolly Pioneers
Not so many moons ago,
All the joys of Mayfield evenings
We were said to fully know;
But there came a day for leaving,
And the great world lay before,
So we packed our little school books,
And we'll use them never more,
In the cold, cold world.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Ah, good-by to youthful follies,
All those lazy days are o'er ;
Bumming now must have cessation,
For just after graduation
Comes a painful revelation
In the cold, cold world !

In those happy days we labored
When we pleased, or not at all,
And we made a great impression
On the world,—at Roble Hall.
Now we get a cold reception
From the world we thought to win,—
When we ring her iron door-bell,
We can never find her in.

In the cold, cold world,
Things are very, very different,
It is not the dear old Quad ;
There the palm-trees gently rustle,
But outside it's noise and bustle,
And it's *we* who have to rustle,
In the cold, cold world !

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD

A LULLABY

Hush, little child with the golden hair ;
Sleep, little lad by the far North Sea ;
Close, close thine eyes like amethyst rare,
Hark to the song I am singing to thee.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

Yest'r'en, as the sun was sinking to rest,
And the crags were aglow by the still North Sea
White arms were beckoning out toward the west,
And eyes like thine own were gazing at thee.

Sleep, little lad with the hyacinth eyes ;
The mermaids that live in the great North Sea
Will send on the winds that moan as they rise
Macrima, the sea gull, to bear thee from me.

Macrima, the gull, on his strong white wing,
O'er the foam crested waves of the dark North Sea,
Will bear thee out of my arms as I sing,
And hasten away as I gaze after thee.

Cling, cling to the bend of his strong white throat,
And watch as you skim o'er the wild North Sea ;
It may be a goblin bark afloat
Or a fire-eyed dolphin will pass close to thee.

The beautiful mermaids ; they watch and they wait
In a cave by the shores of the great North Sea ;
Then, sleep, little laddy, or you will be late,
And the Tritons and sirens are watching for thee.

Oh ! thou shalt be decked with coral and shells,
And dance o'er the waves of the wild North Sea ;
And the sea folk will teach thee their marvellous spells,
That can turn into pearls thy tear-drops for thee.

Then, sleep, little lad with the hyacinth eyes,
And hark to the waves of the wild North Sea —
How they struggle and moan as they fall, as they rise,
Macrima, the sea gull, is waiting for thee.

HELEN ASHLEY HUNT

IN COLLEGE DAYS

A RONDEAU OF LAVENDER SALTS

Her vinaigrette, not triolet,
Nor villanelle shall sing of it,
 No rondel, but a brave rondeau
 Whiles in her girdle she'll bestow
The trinket snugly, and forget
That 'twixt her pretty fingers set
The toy availeth most — coquette !
 Not often thus she letteth go
 Her vinaigrette.

Ah ! sweeter far than violet,
Or rose, or dainty mignonette
 Is scent of salts embottled so,
 And deadlier than Cupid's bow,
When by her fingers 't is beset,
 Her vinaigrette,

A MEMORY

Over the links at the close of day,
Cupid our caddy and guide,
Lucy and I played golf. Who won ?
You know, caddy,
 [But don't confide !]

Little you thought of the mischief wrought
As hours of the even sped.
Hearts were hazards ; we played for points ;
Love was the stake,—
I stood ahead.

RECENT VARSITY VERSE

What was the game that prolonged the night,
Wrapt in the mist and the dew?
Who was the victor? What the prize?
I know, sweetheart,—
[And so do you!]

K. BANNING

A SONG FOR GRADUATES

Blow sweet, blow low, breezes blow!
In the morning's hopeful glow;
While the heart is young,
Let the song be sung,
Fill each soul with fire,
"Higher, Higher."

Blow sweet, blow low, breezes blow!
In the noon-day's pulsing glow;
While the heart is strong,
May this be our song,
Cause us to aspire,
"Higher, Higher."

Blow sweet, blow low, breezes blow!
In the evening's red glow;
When the heart is old,
Ere life's fires grow cold,
Strike again the lyre,
"Higher, Higher."

RICHARD RAY KIRK

IN COLLEGE DAYS

AFTER BOHEMIA'S SEAS

My sail is down. The Isles of Rest
Loom sweet upon the shadowy lea;
I've dropped my rattling anchor chain
In the mirror tide of an idle sea.
Out of the West the even-glow
Sinks soft upon my weary soul.
I would not grasp the helm anew
Nor breast the beckoning billow's roll.
Yet sometimes, when a truant breeze
Lips low the song of a wind-swept main,
I love to drift in memory
Back to the old, old days again.

Back to the ring of glasses,
Back to the bursts of song,
Back to the smiles of lasses,
And laughter echoing long.
Back to an endless summer
With never an autumn's haze,
Where skies were blue
And friends were true,
Back to the old, old days!

E. LYTTLETON FOX

AUTHOR INDEX

- Adams, Mary M., 30, 63
Aiken, Wellington Esty, 101
Alden, Rose, 91
Almirall, Nina, 65

Banning, K., 228
Barbour, Ellen Gray, 151
Barron, W. F., 9, 126
Best, Charles M., 191
Blackiston, A. H., 32, 58
Borden, Asenath, 64
Brastow, Lewis Ladd, 215
Britton, Alfred Dudley, 158
Bruce, Kenneth, 5

Cameron, W. H., 59
Canfield, Arthur Graves, 83,
196
Cass, Josephine A., 191
Colburn, John Edward, 12
Colton, Arthur Willis, 1
Conant, Wallace B., 165
Conger, Henry Rutgers, 110
Cooley, Elsie Jones, 10, 43
Corcoran, James Brewer, 20,
70
Craven, Gertrude, 1
Cummings, Marion, 166

Daniels, Leon Ernest, 76,
110
Devlin, D. J., 162
Dodge, Mary Danforth, 150

Douglas, Archibald, 40
Du Bois, F. R., 154
Dunlap, Kent, 84
Dyer, Walter A., 2, 7, 69,
89, 103

Ensign, Charles F., 100

Ficke, Arthur D., 137, 171
Field, Charles Kellogg (Car-
olus Ager), 22, 116, 123,
126, 209, 214, 225
Fletcher, Laurel Louisa, 200
Fox, E. Lyttleton, 14, 114,
156, 173, 230
Friedman, I. K. 39

Gaus, Daisy, 170
Goodrich, Chauncey Marsh,
213
Gould, Cornelia Brownell,
33
Gratwick, Fred C., 38

Hamilton, Joseph R., 195
Harper, Clarence S., 111
Harris, Frank, 160
Hart, Fanny, 47
Hausberg, Ernest, 193
Hawkins, Ethel Wallace,
183
Henning, Arthur Sears, 186
Herrick, Whitehall, 127
-

AUTHOR INDEX

- Holmes, Arthur H., 51
Houghton, A. B., 158
Howes, Helen Zabriskie, 163
Hudson, James M., 123
Hunt, Helen Ashley, 226
Hutchinson, Percy Adams, 16
- Jackson, Alice, 135
Jackson, Margaret Pinckney, 52
Jefferson, Floyd W., 118, 128
Jones, Mary Hall, 35, 115
- Ketchum, Arthur, 3, 80
Kimball, Eleanor, 85
Kimball, Richard Bowland, 44
Kirk, Richard Ray, 6, 8, 13, 26, 41, 48, 53, 71, 74, 75, 97, 107, 112, 129, 142, 149, 157, 162, 180, 189, 202, 229
Knapp, Grace H., 176
- Laskey, Edith De Blois, 172
Leverett, Mary E., 192
Little, Edward Campbell, 4
Lusk, Hall Stoner, 11
- MacDowell, Russell, 99
- M'Spadden, Joe, 96
Macy, J. A., 143
Makepeace, Walter D., 112
Marks, Jeannette A., 86, 148
Marsh, Charles Capron, 69, 79
Marshall, Thomas M., 148
Marvin, Dwight Willison, 103
Mason, Arthur Huntington, 222
Merrill, Margaret B., 124
Miller, Edwin L., 98
Milliken, V. S., 87
Morris, Gouverneur, jr., 46
Munger, Robert L., 77, 90, 117, 155
- Nason, Arthur Huntington, 57
- O'Malley, Frank W., 73
Otis, William B., 72
- Palmer, Grace E., 94
Perkins, Florence Gertrude, 188
Pier, R., 152
Pierce, Frederick E., 105
Pingree, Maud P., 177
Piper, Margaret Rebecca, 161
-

AUTHOR INDEX

- Pratt, Chester M., 149, 216
Putney, F. jr., 33
- Rathbun, D. B. S., 156
Reid, G. C., 25
Ray, John Clarkson, 29
Riddell, Sara Agnes, 194
Robbins, H. C., 169
- Savage, Maxwell, 45
Sciple, C. Morton, 122
Scott, F. N., 67
Stoddard, Charles Coleman,
81
Stone, Limond C., 180
Strickland, Edward Dinwor-
die, 49
Sweetser, Josepha Virginia,
202
- Tade, Elsie M., 18
Taft, R. W., 207
- Thomas, Charles Edward,
35, 115
Thompson, Ralph S., 185
Tibbott, Mabel H., 218
Townsend, Winston T., 42
Tryon, James Owen, 225
- Updegraff, Rachel, 26
- Walker, Raymond W., 129
Wall, J. McKenna, 140
Welsh, Henry Hunter, 108
Whiting, Katherine, 132
Whitney, Joseph Walker,
145
Wickes, Forsyth, 42
Williams, Oriana M., 164
Wing, George C. jr., 68, 92,
131
Woodbury, F. T., 66
Worstell, Alfred M., 182
Wynkoop, Augustus T., 181

INITIALS

A., B., v	M., E. R., 108
B., A. H., 24, 78	M., J. D., 56
B., M., 178	M., M., 147
B., N. C., 183	M., W. H., 139
C., E., 160	O., W. T., 17
C., F. M., 34	P., 167
C., G., 24	P., E. M., 169
C., R., 65, 199	R., B. B., 113
D., E. T., 120	R., H. C., 75
D., P. R., 61	R., H. R., 122
D., W. A., 176	R., M. L., 173
F., C. C., 76	R., R. E., 141
F., V. W., 67	R., S. F., 50
G., C. E., 23, 102	S., C., 21
H., E. W., 152	S., L. C., 61
H., R. S., 54, 138	S., L. W., 201
H., T. T., 119	S., O. B., 205
J., A. M., 105	T., A. L., 55, 174
J., B., 31	U., S. C., 104
K., A. M., 140, 159	V., D. H., 85
L., J. W., 82	W., E. H., 211
L., W. C., 210	W., H., 50
M., D., 153	W., J., 19
	W., S. C., 63
	X., 224

PSEUDONYMS

Loquidor, 125	Unsigned, 13, 15, 27, 28, 38, 41, 51, 53, 58, 88, 89, 92, 93, 95, 113, 120, 130, 132, 133, 137, 145, 146, 151, 168, 179, 197, 198, 204, 208, 208, 212, 217, 219, 220, 220, 221, 228
Ruth, 37	
Sibley, 184	
Stag, 15	
Usne, 135	





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